Chronicles

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Nation of Immigrants II

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Foreword

President Bush's plan to offer yet another amnesty to illegal aliens—combined with his statements that illegal immigration is not a problem but an opportunity and the warm reception given the co-president of North America, Vicente Fox—should squelch the hopes of the few remaining conservatives who care about the "national question." The time has come to face the unpleasant reality that—politically, at least—we have lost the immigration battle.

Chronicles has been engaged in this struggle for nearly 20 years. From the first, we insisted that it was not about economic numbers—whether newly arriving immigrants contributed more to the economy than they abstracted through crime and absorption of government services. Those arguments, pursued by think tanks and foundations and newsletters, were always a distraction from the only important question: What sort of a world will our children and grandchildren live in? Americans have a right, we argued, to choose their own destiny, and most of them (so we believed 20 years ago) would prefer to pass on to their children some significant part of the cultural and political inheritance they had received from earlier generations of Americans.

This inheritance was already sorely battered by 1980. The agrarian republic of Washington and Jefferson had been overthrown by Lincoln and replaced by an imperial republic, which was in turn replaced by the warm-and-fuzzy national socialism imposed by FDR. The New Deal state, it is important to emphasize, was in part a direct response to the mass immigration that transformed America between the Civil War and the end of World War I. Nonetheless, despite the depredations of the Lincoln, Wilson, and Roosevelt administrations, and despite the devastating effect of the mass immigration of European ethnics (including some of my own ancestors), Americans (post-FDR) *did* retain some of their traditional virtues: We worked hard, took care of our families, obeyed the law, and tried to put up a decent front. Our culture was thin and vulgar—a nation that reads James Michener and Norman Mailer can scarcely be said to have a literature—but we did insist that high-school students read a few plays of Shakespeare, one or two classic English novels, a smattering of Romantic poetry.

All of that has passed away, of course. The new wave of mass immigration (giving the United States the highest percentage of foreign-born residents since 1930) has reinforced the leftist campaign to destroy Christendom, and there is absolutely no chance that ordinary Americans will ever retake power long enough to reverse multiculturalism, affirmative-action policies, or the compulsory bigotry represented by the insistent and obstreperous call for apologies and reparations echoing from Durban to Chicago. The anti-Americans of both parties have also destroyed American sovereignty through their infatuation with economic and political globalization. Even if we discovered the will to close the border and impose tariffs, the "international community" (i.e., the heads of transnational corporations) would never hear of it. The party is over; it is time to call it a day.

The struggle for the American future, however, is just beginning. We never thought we could restore the authentic Old Republic or even the Imperial Republic, but we did believe that, just as our grandparents and parents managed to salvage some good things out of the shipwreck of American traditions, we could do the same, and even though the political battle over immigration has been lost—as any battle will be when the socialist left of the *New Republic* joins with the capitalist left of the *Wall Street Journal*—there are many options open to Americans, although none of them are political.

Some will no doubt cry in their *cerveza* (make mine a Bohemia from Monterey); others will squander their lives on hate as members of White Power movements; but there will be some brave enough to face the future, realizing that Western man has been through this before and has managed to salvage some precious things from the wreckage. It is to them and their children and their children's children that we dedicate this number of *Chronicles*.

—*Thomas Fleming*

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Chronicles

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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On *Pearl Harbor*

My experiences aboard a Navy aircraft carrier that often entered and departed Pearl Harbor, each time passing by the U.S.S. *Arizona*, overrode George McCartney's review of *Pearl Harbor* (*In the Dark*, August). I think the film is outstanding—indeed, one of the best of its kind ever produced.

It splendidly teaches history to American generations that know almost nothing about World War II. I know of no other major film that presents the Eagle Squadrons, American pilots—almost all of whom were civilians (including my cousin)—who volunteered to fly for the Royal Air Force in the Battle of Britain. If an American pilot in an Eagle Squadron (such as Ben Affleck's Rafe) survived combat, there would have been nothing unusual in his returning to his old squadron in the Army Air Corps. (My cousin did not survive. He was killed in combat while flying for the R.A.F. over France in early 1942.)

The film's center is, of course, the attack on Pearl Harbor. Those scenes were powerfully enhanced by the preceding transition from youthful innocence (such as the boys playing baseball when the attacking planes flew by) to immediate, terrible death for men who were often only a few years older than those boys.

Dr. McCartney dismisses the deluge of radio traffic the Japanese deliberately launched to hide their fleet's movement toward Pearl Harbor, saying that our military-intelligence personnel "quite easily" read Japanese codes as early as 1940. This is wide of the mark, and it seems to confuse "more easily read" open radio traffic/chatter with encoded messages.

In breaking encoded Japanese messages, the Army's Signal Intelligence Service and the Navy's Code and Signal Section were magnificent. One of the ironies surrounding the attack on Pearl Harbor is that the United States profited so little from one of the greatest cryptoanalytical feats of all history. No fault of any kind can be assigned to the codebreakers.

Generally, Army and Navy codebreakers broke the Japanese "Purple Code," which was used for the highest level of diplomatic messages. Before the attack on Pearl Harbor, however, they were less successful in breaking the Japanese naval codes, especially the five-digit code that went into use in 1941. Some parts were broken, but the Japanese changed it on December 4, 1941, and it became unreadable until well after the attack.

Dr. McCartney suggests that Roosevelt was slightly complicit or culpable because, although not wanting the Pearl Harbor attack, he hoped for a "lesser assault in the Pacific," which would lead to the declaration of war he desired. This is an inadequate analysis. The question is not "What did FDR know and when did he know it?" but "What did the Roosevelt administration know and when did it know it?" The Venona Papers demonstrate that key people in the administration knew that Japan would attack the United States, and they participated in policy development and proposals that assured Japan's attack. They acted on behalf of the Soviet Union because they were communist spies who made certain that the United States would have policies as hostile to Japan as possible. These communist spies, so high up in the administration, changed the course of World War II and probably caused the war to become worldwide.

The nurses in *Pearl Harbor* complete the film. They were young and beautiful. They were in love or wanted to be. In the movie, they were treated with chivalry and genuine respect. The gentle and abiding love that developed—a love that bears all, hopes all, endures all, that surpasses war itself—that love alone will cause a man to resist death and live on.

Men will not die for a president who holds a cigarette jauntily in his mouth or for some senator stuffed with bean soup in the Senate Dining Room. A man will fight and die for his family, or his friend in combat, or for the memory of a girl whom he believes is in mortal peril.

At the close of *Pearl Harbor*, after all of the chaos, the terrible injury and death in government-created war, a beautiful child is born. A new life and a new hope in a child who came from a transcendent love—that is worth fighting and dying for. Members of my generation did just that. In 1941 at Pearl Harbor, every man and woman did that. This film is a great tribute to them, as it should be.

—*William F. Harvey*
Indianapolis, IN

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As a World War II buff who has earned a mental and emotional Purple Heart by suffering through Disney's *Pearl Harbor*, I am disappointed by George McCartney's insubstantial review of this cinematic travesty.

Dr. McCartney stumbles over facts of which even the Disney Studio was aware: *viz.*, that no American carriers were present at Pearl Harbor during the raid (whereas Dr. McCartney writes of "Zeros buzzing above and between U.S. carriers and battleships"); and that the *Oklahoma*, not the *Arizona*, capsized, the former being torpedoed, the latter blowing up from a direct hit by a bomb on a forward magazine. (To Disney's credit, both of these events were portrayed rather well.)

Dr. McCartney was "impressed" by "computer-generated Zeros buzzing . . . like angry wasps on speed," which indicates that he has never viewed (or did not recall) the earlier Pearl Harbor epic, *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, in which real and reproduction Japanese naval aircraft fly at far slower (but much closer to their actual combat) speeds.

Dr. McCartney tells readers that "it's hardly credible that FDR would have welcomed the Pearl Harbor attack." In point of fact, although he knew it was coming, he did nothing to stop it—which amounted to allowing it and accepting the thousands of needless casualties that resulted from it. No one who has read Robert B. Stinnett's *Day of Deceit* can believe that Roosevelt (and a select circle around him) did not know what was about to happen sufficiently in advance to warn the Hawaiian commanders. And no one who has read John Toland's *Infamy*, with its description of how Roosevelt and his sycophants scapegoated Admiral Kimmel and General Short, can believe that this thoroughgoing scoundrel would not have thrown thousands of ordinary sailors into the discard to achieve his political ends.

Dr. McCartney misses an opportunity to ask what should be the most important question about Pearl Harbor: Who really benefited? The usual answer is Roosevelt and his co-conspirator, Churchill, who, through the back door of the dastardly Japanese "sneak" attack, brought the United States into the war against Germany. But how could Roosevelt, Churchill, or anyone else have guaranteed that a Japanese attack would have accomplished that result? Surely Hitler was not required to declare war on the United States simply because of a Japanese act of aggression, and perhaps the wisest thing he could have done would have been to denounce the Japanese attack as unprovoked and to declare strict German neutrality, leaving Roosevelt with a purely Asiatic war and the America First group with another powerful argument for America to stay out of the European conflict. On the other hand, the Japanese attack on the United States completely removed the threat Japan posed to Stalin's Russia, because even the most rabid commanders in the Kwangtung Army had sufficient sense to realize that Japan could not fight both Russia and America simultaneously. Inasmuch as the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor came at precisely the moment when the Russians desperately needed to transfer their Siberian troops to the central front to defeat Hitler's drive against Moscow, we must wonder whether Pearl Harbor was engineered, not only by Roosevelt and his Anglophile cronies to save England, but by the knots of communist traitors in his administration to save Russia. Although the Japanese attack brought America into the European war *de jure* (through Hitler's declaration of war), there was little the United States could do *de facto* to strike effectively at Germany in 1941 or 1942. But, by turning the Japanese south and embroiling them in a war with the United States, whoever influenced events in the Pacific provided immediate succor to Stalin in late 1941, relieving him of the specter of a two-front war in both European and Asiatic Russia, when his European armies and air force had already been severely mauled. Thus, what Dr. McCartney calls "FDR's Pacific strategy" may actually have been Stalin's Pacific strategy. And, in light of Roosevelt's performances at Teheran and Yalta, no one should dismiss the possibility that Roosevelt and his inner circle (especially George C. Marshall) knew and intended as much. Admittedly, Disney cannot be expected to raise such issues. But *Chronicles* could be.

—Edwin Vieira, Jr.
Manassas, Virginia

Dr. McCartney Replies:

Both Dr. Harvey and Mr. Vieira clearly have much invested in their interpretations of the Pearl Harbor attack, and each displays an exemplary grasp of historical detail. I thank Mr. Vieira for setting straight my errors regarding carriers and aircraft speeds. As for Dr. Harvey's comments on our cryptographers' difficulties, I concede that he may be correct: There have been conflicting reports. But, supposing parts of the code were unreadable in the days and hours before the attack, wouldn't that call into question FDR's perfidy? After all, he couldn't have suppressed information that he didn't have.

Whatever the film's merits and shortcomings, it certainly has succeeded in arousing strong feelings. What interests me most about these letters is that they were written by two well-informed gentlemen who reach diametrically opposite judgments of the film's merits while converging in their hatred for Roosevelt (or, at least, his administration). They are both convinced that FDR's administration was a lair of sycophantic cronies, sleazy Anglophiles, reptilian spies, and commie traitors. Well, has there ever been an administration without sycophants and spies? And, while Anglophilism may be a result of poor breeding, it's not, I believe, a crime. As for the commies, Roosevelt's administration probably harbored more than its share, who no doubt did what they could to help Uncle Joe. It doesn't follow, however, that we shouldn't have supported Russia against an enemy who was coming after us.

Roosevelt almost certainly adopted policies meant to provoke a Japanese attack. It is, however, highly unlikely that he foresaw the losses we incurred at Pearl Harbor. What rational leader would have accepted such an outcome? There are, after all, simpler interpretations of events, including the oft-cited passage from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson's diary. On November 25, 1941, Stimson writes: "The question was how we should maneuver them [the Japanese] into firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves." Roosevelt seems to have been convinced that our Pacific forces could handle an attack—even a surprise assault—without significant casualties. Further, the administration assumed that any Japanese movement would be spotted well in advance by routine surveillance.

The worst we can say about Roosevelt with any certainty is this: Faced with what he believed to be an inevitable war, he made a callous gamble with other people's lives, hoping there would be no casualties or, if there were, that they would be minimal. This, of course, is bad enough, but it's not quite as monstrous as some have supposed.

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TERRORIST ATTACKS in New York City and Washington, D.C., have focused the attention of many on the dangers of militant Islam. But as usual, our vacuous talking heads and elites are overlooking the two most important aspects of the attack: the revival of the centuries-old violent conflict between Islam and Christianity, and the growing capacity and sophistication of non-state organizations to challenge the nation-state.

Historian John Keegan tells us that "Islam has bloody borders." We must look with a jaundiced eye on those who claim these terrorist acts represent only a tiny splinter group of crazed fanatics—the implication being that all other Muslims are peaceful liberal democrats just like us. Granted, these acts of violence are being conducted by a fanatical minority, but the TV scenes of mobs cheering in places like Islamabad and Gaza demonstrate that there is growing support for *jihad* upon the Christian West, particularly the United States. Our retaliatory acts will only foster more support for terrorists in Islamic countries.

Future historians may well view September 11, 2001, as the opening blow of the latest round in the clash between Islam and Christendom. Israeli historian Martin van Creveld reminds us: "If the growing militancy of one religion continues, it almost will compel others to follow suit. People will be driven to defend their ideals and way of life . . . Thus Muhammad's recent revival may yet bring on that of the Christian Lord, and He will not be the Lord of love but of battles."

The terrorist attacks also demonstrated the growing ability and sophistication of private, non-governmental organizations to challenge the monopoly on violence that the nation-state claims for itself. Our surveillance satellites, nuclear weapons, carrier battle groups, stealth bombers, and other push-button war gadgetry failed to deter the terrorist attacks on New York City and the Pentagon. Those acts demonstrated a coordinated, well-planned effort normally associated with the military operations of advanced nation-states. Our terrorist foes are fighting by their own rules, not those of the Pentagon—and our rules of war may be outdated.

Our response to this threat will not be limited to bombing a few of Osama bin Laden's caves into dust or accelerating Afghanistan's drive to return to the Stone Age. The military response, the politicians' much-touted "war on terrorism," will resemble a counter-guerrilla war, and our Armed Forces and citizens are ill equipped to conduct such a campaign. To win the war on terrorism, our troops must become as ruthless as their will-o'-the-wisp enemy. Our foes lack any scruples in conducting their jihad, but our troops have ethics, and in the age of CNN warfare, we will fare badly. Such an endeavor will take a long time, and it will not be bloodless. Will the American public endure such a lengthy effort? Given the Vietnam experience, I would be tempted to say no, but since the carnage occurred within the United States, that attitude may change.

While the politicians beat the war drums, they seem to be acting like criminologists, claiming they will "hunt down and bring to justice" those responsible. Hauling bin Laden before some court will not deter future acts of terrorism. What should we do with terrorists? My remarks to students at Washington & Lee University in 1997 are just as applicable today: "Hunt 'em down and kill 'em like rabid dogs." We had better be prepared to do this, rather than treat terrorists as criminals—because that will not halt terrorism.

Failure to counter terrorism successfully will have dire consequences for the American nation-state, because it will have failed to fulfill one of its most elemental functions: protection of its citizens. When a state fails to protect its citizens, it forfeits their loyalty, and this loyalty will be transferred to whatever group or organization *can* protect them. The attacks in New York City and on the Pentagon are symptomatic of the nation-state's faltering ability to retain its monopoly on violence—or, in plain words, to protect its citizens' lives and property. Nobody knows what the ultimate significance of this failure would be, but it is likely to be eventful—and very bloody.

—*Morgan Norval*

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER attack may prove to be one of the grimmest moments in modern American history. Understandably, most Americans are enraged and demand revenge, while despair and fear are evident even in people who, only a very short time ago, managed to maintain a fairly detached view of the political scene. In this atmosphere, very few are prepared to complain about the strict new security precautions that are being imposed at airports and public facilities. Quite apart from the grief they feel for the victims of terrorism, citizens who would normally be sensitive to government encroachments on civil liberties believe that rights have to be yielded in order to secure better protection.

In theory, this idea of a tradeoff is not unreasonable; in practice, the notion is poorly founded. When rights are eroded in the heat of war and terrorism, these changes rarely produce any practical benefit beyond a general sense of communal sacrifice. And once they are gone, these rights and liberties are very, very difficult to regain. To take an obvious example of a futile expansion of official powers: Just what has been gained by the massive extension of identity checks at airports and the requirement that travelers carry official identity cards? Anybody who believes that such controls will prevent terrorism is obviously deluded: As every antiterrorism professional knows, the first requirement for a serious terrorist is the ability to procure immaculate false papers.

In the age of the internet, many of the critical struggles for rights necessarily occur on the electronic frontier; here, too, terrorist outrages provide a convenient excuse to encroach on individual rights. Over the last two years, privacy battles have raged over a proposed FBI system called Carnivore, designed to intercept potentially vast numbers of e-mails in search of suspect communications dealing with (for instance) terrorism, drug trafficking, or child pornography. Court warrants would not, of course, play any role in this process. Carnivore was fiercely opposed by a broad cross-section of activists, including political conservatives and economic liberals, in addition to the traditional civil-liberties constituency.

The whole idea of e-mail snooping has been desperately controversial, and it took a bold bureaucrat to defend it—at least, until the fall of the World Trade Center. Suddenly, massive e-mail snooping became the norm, Carnivore surveillance became widespread, and nothing

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more has been heard about the need for warrants. The logic is simple: Would any internet service provider like it to be known that it had delayed or obstructed the FBI in a quest for information that might have prevented more airliners from being hijacked, more buildings from being blown up? The question is absurd: Carnivore is here to stay.

But this is not simply a conflict between effective policing and civil-libertarian idealism, between good cops and naive eggheads. If the FBI or any other agency has any reasonable suspicion that intercepting communications might help suppress terrorism, I wish it success in its endeavors. The problem is that, in most instances, this is just not going to happen, and random trawls can even do more harm than good. Basically, too much information can overwhelm a system, even if the individual pieces of information are priceless.

The principle can be illustrated from any antiterrorist or countersubversion war, from Vietnam to Algeria to Ulster. Time and again, security forces have tried to pull in hundreds or even thousands of suspects, who are either not interrogated thoroughly, or who produce so much information that the system is swamped. Far better to round up a dozen or so activists who can be interrogated in depth, with the information properly analyzed and assimilated. Those wars, of course, are ancient history: They occurred in the dear, dead past, before electronic surveillance became so miraculously "effective," and computers could (in theory) analyze all the data. Even so, somewhere along the line, inefficient human beings have to read and react to what the computers are collecting. And they are going to miss a great deal.

Carnivore, in short, might be the worst of both worlds. Random snooping interferes massively with the privacy of communications, while offering little chance that bad guys will be apprehended. Furthermore, Carnivore is a symptom of America's overreliance on electronic technologies, which have largely displaced traditional human intelligence tactics—the use of spies, moles, and defectors. These methods have worked well in the past, and properly applied, they might even have averted the catastrophe in New York City this past September.

—*Philip Jenkins*

AMNESTY for illegal immigrants is an idea whose time not only has passed but, like Elizabethan collars and virginity, can hardly be imagined—unless what Peter Brimelow calls "immigration enthusiasts" are more fanatical still than the Muslim terrorists who struck the World Trade Center and the Pentagon on September 11. Even before the strike, a major national poll showed 69 percent of the American public opposed to amnesty; the week previous to the catastrophe, Rush Limbaugh, in a dramatic reversal, devoted two hours of his radio program to attacking illegal and even, by implication, legal immigration. Recent reports, as of this writing, have Presidents George W. Bush and Vicente Fox putting their heads together to discuss how to make the 2,100-mile Mexican-American border less open, not more so.

Almost the first words out of Mayor Rudolph Guiliani's mouth after the two hijacked planes collided with the World Trade Center towers were exhortations to New Yorkers to refrain from committing hate thought against "people of other faiths" and colors; before the week was out, the FBI announced it would prosecute harassment of Muslims and Middle Easterners in the United States as a federal hate crime. Having done its best to assure that minorities in America got a good night's sleep, the establishment dropped the alien issue fast—but not fast enough. Talk-show hosts and their guests had already taken up the question of how hate-ridden alien criminals came to be here in the first place.

The pro-immigration lobby is naturally concerned for Bush's Mexican amnesty proposal and Tom Daschle's universal one, which it fears will come to naught. Indeed, it will be lucky if its losses are restricted to the withdrawal of amnesty plans. What I call the wild card (see "The Third Compartment," *Views*, p. 14) has been turned up at last, and all bets are off on the direction the immigration debate is likely to take from here on out. Overnight, immigration has been transformed from an ideological luxury, a moralistic indulgence, and a capitalist subterfuge into a black-and-white issue of national security—of national survival, in fact. Whatever limited success Washington's retaliatory strikes may achieve, nothing is more assured than that the President's "crusade" abroad will ultimately prove as futile as his grandiose attempt to "rid the world of evil." There is one way, and one way only, to provide America with a measure of security, and that is to secure its borders tightly (if not to seal them off completely) and prevent more immigrant terrorists from coming in along with all the rest; identify those that are already here; round them up; and deport them. If the events of September 11 have not yet made the truth clear, subsequent and perhaps much worse ones are likely to do so. The issue is no longer xenophobia *versus* xenophilia, diversity *versus* homogeneity, generosity *versus* selfishness, universal nationhood *versus* the nation-state, libertarian economics *versus* mercantilism, *cabrito versus* steak and mashed potatoes. It is survival, pure and simple; and unless Americans have totally lost their minds along with their stock portfolios, they will recognize the prospect of what one commentator has described as "interminable warfare" and make the appropriate mental and political adjustments.

When I learned of the strikes against the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, my first thought was that the perpetrators must have arrived in the United States on international flights just hours before they commandeered the doomed planes. The truth, of course, was otherwise: Many of them had lived several years in this country, where they "assimilated" into America so far as to enroll in flight school, attain valuable job skills, participate in the consumer economy, and acquire a Florida or California tan. (I've even heard these devoted Muslims developed a taste for vodka tonics, but perhaps that was just a joke in bad taste.) Maybe we will learn that they acquired stock portfolios of their own—of which they divested themselves at the appropriate split-second, of course—and that they cast votes in the 2000 election. Model immigrants, in short, of the kind Jack Kemp has praised as "entrepreneurial" and Julian Simon called the "ultimate resource." Except for one thing: While doing well in America, these people hated its—our—guts.

What kind of country accepts immigrants from countries with which it is, effectively, involved in protracted warfare? The kindest word I can think of is "naive." Anyone who wants to come to the United States (so the assumption goes) must be good; anyone who wants to come here from an enemy nation or a rival culture must be even better. Immigrants emigrate to America because they love us (having watched us on TV); because they want to contribute to the world-epochal

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American project; because they want to be just like us; because they want to *be* us.

As Hemingway would have said, "Isn't it pretty to think so." Since September 11, few Americans can be thinking prettily—except maybe John Miller, *National Review*'s resident immigration enthusiast and chief assimilation strategist. And—who knows?—perhaps not even he. American journalists, like Americans generally, have to grow up sometime—don't they?

—*Chilton Williamson, Jr.*

VICENTE FOX, Mexico's president, began his state visit to Washington in September by issuing a public challenge to President George W. Bush to grant amnesty to millions of illegal Mexican aliens in the United States by year's end. He said he wanted a "bilateral migration agreement" that would ensure that "all Mexicans entering the United States did so with the proper documents."

What President Fox really wants is for every Mexican who may ever wish to live in the United States to be free to do so. He also wants millions of his countrymen who are already here to be "legalized." Legalization would happen in waves, and temporary work restrictions would halt low-skilled workers like meatpackers or waiters from moving into higher-skilled jobs.

President Fox's challenge stems from his desire to create a "North American common market" similar to Europe's, which would allow free movement of people. The equalization of wages in a common market, he argues, is how Germany and other prosperous European countries stopped poor people from immigrating illegally from Spain, Portugal, and Greece. He ignores the fact that those countries have functioning polities and low birthrates, highly literate populations, and—by Mexican standards—bureaucratic structures that are paragons of efficiency, honesty, and civic responsibility. In addition, those countries, unlike Mexico, have no irredentist designs on America.

Nevertheless, there is a political consensus in favor of amnesty (or, at least, there was until September 11), and its purported rationale is reflected in the words of White House Spokesman Ari Fleischer: "There are people who are already in this country, contributing to the American economy even though they may not be legal, and they are paying taxes."

Fleischer is mistaken: Immigration is not economically necessary; at best, it is a zero-sum proposition financially, and it carries a huge social and cultural price tag. The consensus in Washington is not really about economics but about ideology and the short-term objectives of special-interest groups.

The liberals want a Mexican amnesty because they are ideologically committed to American exceptionalism. To them, any notion of an American polity founded on shared ethnic, cultural, and religious bonds is strictly *verboten*, and every step aimed at diluting that majority is welcome. Their political vehicle, the Democratic Party, sees in these future citizens a key component in the black-Hispanic-Jewish coalition that has been crucial to all of their recent presidential and congressional victories.

GOP leaders have given up on their natural constituency. Contrary to the will of Republican voters, they subscribe to the establishmentarian consensus on race and dare not openly appeal to the concerns of European-Americans. Republican strategists pathetically hope that competing for the Latino vote will save the party from its deserved demise. "If Republicans don't move on this, and don't find some leadership from the White House, Democrats will seize on it," says Sen. Chuck Hagel, a Nebraska Republican. "It would be almost folly to let this slip through our fingers." Hagel and his ilk are wrong: Latino votes are not up for grabs; they belong to the Democrats now and always. For the GOP to become a willing accomplice in Fox's design is folly for the party and the nation alike, but few dare say so out loud.

The unions see an opportunity to recruit new members in the millions of uneducated, poorly paid Mexicans. The churches see a chance to fill their empty pews. Federal and state bureaucrats want to cater to them. Corporate America wouldn't mind even a billion new immigrants, as long as their influx kept American wages down. "North America Doesn't Need Borders," the *Wall Street Journal* proclaims. "Legitimize labor flows and ensure that Mexican workers in the US enjoy the same legal rights and protections as their local counterparts," echoes the *Financial Times*. These special-interest groups care about America's cultural and demographic profile about as much as they care about its industrial base.

Regardless of the wording of the communiqué at the end of Fox's visit, the onslaught will continue unabated across America's southern border, thanks to the efforts of this country's deracinated elites, corrupt politicians, self-serving unions, and globalized corporations. President Fox's aplomb is due to his awareness that the movers and shakers in Washington are on his side. Doubtless, he can hardly believe his luck. Exporting thousands of angry and poor young men averts the potential for racially based revolutionary violence so familiar to Mexico. Sending them north of the border but allowing them to retain dual citizenship is the best of both worlds for Mexico. It reflects former President Ernesto Zedillo's frankly stated hope to "create an ethnic lobby with political influence similar to that of American Jews."

We will pay the price: Though President Fox's avowed goal is to lift Mexican living standards closer to those of the United States and Canada, he does not admit that the corollary of his project is the lowering of our standards closer to Mexico's. Illegal immigrants are already draining America's resources—setting aside the social cost of their presence. The ultimate price tag of what Fox and his friends in Washington propose is the destruction of the United States as the nation-state of the American people.

The ruling elites will aid and abet him because they know that the ever-growing pool of immigrants, legal or otherwise, will permanently enhance their centralization of political, economic, and cultural power. They are the social engineers of postnationalism *par excellence*, and with every fresh amnesty, they make the possibility of the revival of the Old Republic ever more remote.

Mexican fifth columnists in the United States see what is going on and make no bones about their long-term ambitions. Richard Alatorre of the Los Angeles City Council says of his Anglo neighbors: "They're afraid we're going to take over the government and other institutions. They're right. We will take them over." Prof. Jose Angel Gutierrez of the University of Texas points out that an aging white America is not making babies: "They are dying. The explosion is in our population. I love it!" Mario Obledo, California's secretary of health, education, and welfare under Jerry Brown and a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom from Bill Clinton, says that California will be an Hispanic state—and "anyone who doesn't like it should

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leave."

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

SEN. JESSE HELMS' announcement in August of his retirement at the end of his current term was an opportunity for vituperation on the part of the left-wing media that has so detested the North Carolina conservative throughout his entire 30-year political career. "It is always tempting," moaned the *New York Times* lead editorial the day after Mr. Helms' announcement, "when old warriors retire, to lament their passing from the political stage. In the case of Senator Jesse Helms, that is a temptation to be resisted." There's never much danger that any spark of gallantry might flash through the darkness at the *Times*.

The editorial was followed a few days later by yet another shot at Helms in the paper's "Week in Review" section—this time by Rick Perlstein, author of a recent study of Barry Goldwater's presidential campaign, attended by a selection of what the *Times* considered choice quotations from the senator going back to his quite unreconstructed comments on Negroes in 1956. Nor was the *Washington Post* to be outdone by its grim sister in Manhattan. It took the *Post* a week or so, but eventually, columnist and chief political reporter David Broder unbosomed an op-ed entitled "Jesse Helms, White Racist."

Of course, this kind of press coverage of Helms is not unusual, and one may guess that the senator, a former journalist himself who has regularly expressed contempt for most of the national media during his career, took it all in stride. Helms' defenders—including not a few neoconservatives—insisted that Helms was, at least, a political leader who always stood by his principles. Writing in the *Weekly Standard*, Fred Barnes remarked that, "So far as I know, he's changed his mind on only one issue in three decades, dropping criticism of Israel and becoming a strong supporter"—which, of course, is why the neocons had anything nice to say about him at all. It is true that Helms seldom if ever altered his positions or thinking on any public issue and true as well that his positions and thinking almost never reflected political expedience but rather his own religious, moral, and political principles.

What was striking about Helms, however, was not so much that he voted consistently in support of conservative positions but that he often chose to lead, or at least carry a torch, on the most difficult and controversial conservative positions—one thinks not only of abortion, arms control, and various nominees of both Republican and Democratic administrations, but also of his strong and simple opposition to the legitimization of homosexuality, to the Martin Luther King, Jr., holiday, to the Genocide Treaty, to various United Nations conventions that violated both national sovereignty and constitutional rights, and to the renewal of the Voting Rights Act in 1982, a measure supported by then-rising GOP star Newt Gingrich and his cronies.

Despite his courage and integrity on these and other issues, Senator Helms was not without his flaws. On more than one occasion, he displayed a repellent ingratitude to long-time staff members when political convenience dictated. His switch on Israel, whatever its merits or weaknesses, was almost certainly driven more by his hunger for political survival than the religious and moral tinsel in which he chose to wrap it. And, while Helms emphasized issues of immense moral and religious import, such as abortion and homosexuality, he virtually ignored—especially in his latter years—the far more central threat of mass immigration to the nation and its civilization. The immense energy and attention he and his staff always devoted to even the most obscure issues of foreign affairs might have been better spent on resisting the internal cultural and moral disintegration of American society.

What distinguished Helms from virtually every other conservative political leader in Washington in the latter part of the last century (and what probably accounts for both his virtues and his shortcomings) was simply his utter and total indifference to what the press in Washington or in his own state, the political establishment, his colleagues, or his own party thought about him. It was his calculated indifference to—and even contempt for—such quarters that allowed him to say and do precisely what he wanted to say and do, in the certain knowledge that he was accountable only to God and the voters. At the end of his article on Senator Helms in the *Weekly Standard*, Fred Barnes asks, "Will another Helms emerge in the Senate?" Of course not, until another senator is able and willing to insulate himself politically and psychologically as effectively as Jesse Helms did. If there are few willing to bear such insulation, there are even fewer able to sustain it. And most who do will receive little comfort from the *Standard* and the kind of conservatism it represents.

"Few senators in the modern era," the *New York Times* sneered, "have done more to buck the tide of progress and enlightenment than Mr. Helms." The paper that prints all the news that fits could not have bid farewell to the senator it hates so much with a greater compliment.

—*Samuel Francis*

OBITER DICTA: The third of our three new quarterly columns debuts this month on p. 13. In *Sins of Omission*, *Chronicles*' newly minted corresponding editor **Roger McGrath** will reveal the *real* American history—the tragedies and triumphs that the politically correct commissars of American culture and the academy don't want you to know about.

There is still time to register for the 12th Annual Meeting of the John Randolph Club, which will convene in Rockford November 9-10. For more details, please see the ad on the back cover. If you are planning on staying at Cliffbreakers (the hotel where the conference will be held), please note the change in the room rate.

Our first poet this month is **Catharine Savage Brosman** of New Orleans, Louisiana. Her poetry and prose have appeared in the *New England Review*, the *American Scholar*, the *Southwest Review*, the *Southern Review*, and the *Sewanee Review*, among others. Two collections of her verse, *The Swimmer and Other Poems* (R.L. Barth) and *Places in Mind* (LSU Press), were published last year.

Our second poet is **Bradley R. Strahan**, who teaches poetry at Georgetown University. The publisher of *Visions-International*, Mr. Strahan has had over 500 poems published in such journals as *America*, *Christian Century*, *Cross Currents*, the *Seattle Review*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *First Things*, and the *Hollins Critic*. His latest book, *The Conjurer's Gallery*, was released last year by Crosscultural Communications.

Our art this month is provided by **Jeff Drew**, who, with his wife and four cats, lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Drew, a graduate of the John Herron School of Art in Indianapolis, is a freelance illustrator and animator. This is his first appearance in *Chronicles*.

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Redeeming the Time

by Thomas Fleming

The Days are Evil

The human universe, we are told by optimists on the editorial pages, is contracting into a gray and insipid doughball, pasted over with brightly colored labels advertising the only ethnic rivalries that persist: the struggles between Nissan and Daimler, Pizza Hut and Taco Bell. Unfortunately, there are people around the world who do not read the *Wall Street Journal*, and some of them are hurling themselves into the bloody conflicts that regularly dominate the headlines. In the Middle East, the election of Ariel Sharon has predictably intensified the struggle between Arabs and their Israeli neighbors, who are mostly immigrants or the children of immigrants. U.S. support for Israel has cast American citizens in the role of enemies of Islam, and Muslim hatred of America reached a fever pitch on September 11, when terrorists attacked the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. In the Balkans, Albanian immigrants in Serbia and Macedonia have been continuing their genocidal war against their Slavic hosts, and last spring, the "international community" was dismayed to learn that a U.N. employee is an accused Rwandan war criminal—really, just the perfect person to help with humanitarian development in the midst of an ethnic civil war.

The comedy continued in May, when a Rwandan accused of planning the genocide of a half-million Tutsis was found working in Tanzania as a defense investigator for the war-crimes tribunal. The very next day, John Ashcroft was in Mexico, promising President Fox that George W. Bush would send Congress a program granting Mexican immigrants guest-worker visas. Unlike previous administrations, however, the Republican White House would not be demanding, in return, any concrete Mexican proposals to reduce illegal (much less legal) immigration.

It is a simple fact, so obvious that it should not need stating, but it does: All ethnic conflict is the result of migration, whether of Albanians into Kosovo, Anglo-Saxons into the Indian lands of North America, the forced migration of Africans to the United States, or the comparatively recent (18th century and earlier) invasion of Tutsis into Hutuland. Ethnic diversity almost always means ethnic conflict, which can be resolved by genocide (the solution devised by the English to answer the Tasmanian question), subjugation (the Norman Conquest of the Anglo-Saxons and of the Irish), or absorption (the fate of most Northern European ethnic groups in the United States), or some gruesome combination. Where are the Celts of yesteryear?

America, as we know, is an exception to every rule. Here, all the various ethnicities have blended into an harmonious multiethnic nationality that defines itself neither by blood nor religion. We are, as one Canadian immigrant who has spent his life making trouble for his adopted homeland puts it, "a propositional nation." Ask Robert E. Lee. Ask W.E.B. Dubois. Ask Davy Crockett or Jesse Jackson or Abe Foxman. Ask Geronimo.

The reality of American life is that this nation has been dominated by ethnic conflicts throughout its history—some of them carried out openly in the form of Indian wars and race riots, others more covertly, as in the repeated attempts to keep Catholic immigrants in their place. Inevitably, both political parties have used ethnic tensions as a motive force for building coalitions and holding power.

In the 1850's and 1860's, the Know-Nothings and their successors, the Republicans, wanted to unify the country against immigrants (most of whom were Catholic) on the basis of ethnicity and religion, just as the Republican strategy today is to bind future generations of Mexicans, on the basis of class and economic interest, and use them as a counterweight to African-Americans, who vote Democratic.

The ethnic focus of the two political parties became very sharp in the years after the War Between the States. The Republicans were the party of the Union—that is, the GOP represented the members of the non-Southern middle classes who were Protestant and Anglo (or also, after a time, assimilated Germans and Scandinavians). After the end of Reconstruction, blacks hardly counted politically, because they had so little money and even less opportunity to vote; they were, nonetheless, clients of the GOP, much as they are clients of the Democrats today.

The Democrats were stigmatized as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion"—that is, as a coalition of Southern WASPs and wine-bibbing and whiskey-swilling immigrants from Catholic Ireland, Italy, Poland, and Hungary. The coalition also included comparatively small numbers of Orthodox Greeks and Slavs and some Protestant ethnicities, but the lines were fairly clearly drawn. Midwestern WASPs, whose ancestors had once looked toward the South and to the party of Jefferson, were staunchly Republican, while Southern WASPs, whose families had been Whigs and unionists, became yellow-dog Democrats.

The Democratic Party, outside the South, was the party of excluded minorities and "forgotten men." Finnish socialists voted Democratic (when there was no Marxist candidate running), and Southern and Eastern European ethnics supported the party of minorities against the WASPs who went to Yale and owned the country. The Democrats' strategy was clear: to co-opt each arriving immigrant group by providing favors, organizing their neighborhoods, and getting out the vote. The same strategy almost gave them Florida and the White House in the 2000 election. The Republicans, on the other hand, relied on the farmers and the business classes and hoped, gradually, to convert the more assimilable ethnics, as they bought property

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and made money, to the bourgeois values of the GOP.

Both strategies were successful, to the point of stalemate, until Franklin Roosevelt made the big breakthrough of co-opting blacks by promising—and delivering—more goodies than the Republicans had done in over 50 years. This naturally introduced a strain into the Southern tier of the Democracy, but so long as white politicians maintained political and social control, they could afford to go along to get along.

Hubert Humphrey unraveled the skein: He could not resist the temptation to pull just that one thread, insisting on an anti-segregation plank in the 1948 Democratic platform. The result was the insurgency of the Dixiecrats, who failed to kick Harry Truman out of the White House; in the long run, though, Humphrey's brilliant maneuver ensured that, in the South, the Democratic Party would become the black party and the Republicans would take over the white vote.

The effect on the South was tremendous. Politically active Southerners who had always defined themselves by their contempt for Yankee WASPs were suddenly forced to make common cause with Eisenhower and, later, with the Goldwaterites, and they finally ended up selling their futures entirely to Ronald Reagan. They could no longer think of themselves as Southern first, because "Southern" also meant the race-obsessed Marxists of the Democratic Party. In reconciling themselves to New England and the Midwest, they became generically American—which is why Southern Republicans cannot, by and large, be counted on to defend the Confederate flag.

For the foreseeable future, American political contests will be a bidding war between the two parties for the support of Mexican and Asian interests. In the short run, at least, the Democrats will pick up most of the new votes: Unlike the Republicans, they have a solid record of delivering on their corrupt promises, and since what is left of WASP America is still a source of irritation for third- and fourth-generation European ethnics, we can only imagine how the country-club Republicans must strike Cambodian- and Honduran-Americans. The Republicans can only get in on the action by playing off the new minorities against the African-Americans (who are sure to be portrayed as the source of all trouble) and by selling out whatever is left of the principles they have been abandoning for 50 years. The GOP is like one of those carpet stores that survive on a never-ending sequence of "Going Out of Business" sales.

Nothing in this should interest a decent human being who does not earn his living from politics—a contradiction in terms. The future of America—or whatever part of the country has a distinctively American future—belongs to us, the nonpolitical people who take care of our families as best we can, pay our taxes grudgingly, and pray the prayer of the publican.

Apart from doing our best to lead decent and happy lives and pass on something to our children, what can we do? We can begin by facing the fact that the America we thought we knew is gone and cannot be resurrected. The new regime is bent on destroying the relics of our civilization, stripping away the last vestiges of human dignity and political liberty, killing babies and feeding their stem cells to rich people who want to live forever. Please do not waste any more precious time worrying about whether a liberal gets elected to Congress in place of a wholesome, family-values conservative like Gary Condit or Orrin Hatch. The country as a whole cannot be saved, nor is there any Anglo-American region that can survive the onslaught. There are salvageable pockets in the South, but the South as a whole is represented by its political leaders: Bill Clinton, Al Gore, Trent Lott. Enough said.

But within the South (and within other regions), there are places worth saving, religious and ethnic communities where people might circle the wagons and make a stand. I recently spent several days in Quebec and over a week in "Acadiana," and I was impressed by the resistance shown by Quebeckers and Cajuns. Both places have peculiar cultures—cuisine, religion, folkways, literature—that are reinforced by a distinctive language. In Quebec, at least, French is in the ascendant, and in Louisiana, although few Cajuns my age can speak the language in any form, younger people are learning some French in school. Compared with ten years ago, when there probably were more people who had been brought up speaking French at home, there seems to be more French spoken on the street. Perhaps it is the success of their cuisine and their music, but Cajuns might be poised for a genuine cultural comeback. Chris Segura, a Cajun novelist and journalist who makes his first *Chronicles* appearance in this issue, thinks so.

At his suggestion, I went to the African-American Cultural Center in St. Martinville, and although there is not much to see in the way of exhibits, the atmosphere of the place is astonishing. The intention is to tell a true story that is far too complicated to be fit into the usual categories of black and white, master and slave.

The black people working there were friendly and helpful, whether they were speaking English or French. Next door, at the memorial to the original Cajuns who had been driven out of Canada by the merciless British, blacks and whites spoke with pride of their heritage. Perhaps someday, St. Martinville can become for Cajuns what Quebec City is for Canadiens.

Why not extend the model? Why cannot San Antonio become a center not of Mexican *revanchisme*, but of Spanish-American civilization? What if the Norskis and Swedes in the Upper Midwest turned off Garrison Keillor (who mocks and hates them) and turned St. Olaf's and Augustana back into ethnic colleges? Let a million flowers bloom, and if some of them bloom red with blood, as some Nation of Islam members would like, so be it. Their hysteria might be just enough to wake up some of the Anglos and inspire them with a desire to revive their own quaint folklore and customs—formal gardens, high teas, and the poetry of Shakespeare.

White-bread America is gone, and if it is replaced with corn pone, tortillas, and sticky rice, there may be a little room left for scones with strawberry jam and clotted cream. If there is not, it will not be the fault of Quebec separatists, black militants, or Mexican immigrants. It will be our fault for our failure to read Shakespeare to our children or teach them to play Mozart on the piano or even to show them one of Jim Tate's film *noir* classic movies, which do a better job of teaching the human condition than any sermon they are likely to hear.

What was left of Rome crumbled, finally, about 1,500 years ago, but fragments of Roman life were preserved—and not just by monks who copied old manuscripts. The traditions of civilized town life survived all over Italy, and by the time Europe really hit rock bottom (about the time of Charlemagne's coronation), the Italians were already constructing a new, perhaps more brilliant civilization out of the ruins. Who knows what sort of civilization might emerge in a few hundred years from the far less impressive ruins of America? Whatever it might be, our task is the task of every generation of Christians: not to whine, but to redeem the time. c

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In Saqqara

by Catharine Savage Brosman

He felt the threads of faith unraveling—
his mind a wilderness, his bones a bit
of mineral—and all his body shook
as if possessed. He took the alphabet,
undid it, twisted it into a code,
and wrote in cryptic letters on the stone:
"Now in the name of God before all things,

remember me, the poor and humble man.—
I, Victor." Thus he carved—a flake, a chip,
the stylus scratching in the darkness. Bells
tolled ominously in the cloister; prayers
fell heavy as a judgment, echoing
beyond the walls. He watched. Along the dunes,
enigmas in a windy tongue appeared

at morning, shifted, changed again by night.
He read his doom and left the secret words
as part of time, then saw his life run out
where alpha and omega met again—
beseeching passers-by to read his name
when dervish winds go whirling in the sky,
and pestilential suns redeem the world.

DICTATIONS

Citizens

Now that citizenship has become an alien concept to most Americans, the distinction between citizen and non-citizen is being obliterated. Decades ago, Justice Thurgood Marshall was already making the case that aliens, even illegal aliens, should—or, rather, *did*—enjoy virtually the same rights as citizens, and recently we have heard the claim (from "conservatives") that the last distinction enjoyed by native-born American citizens—namely, the capacity to be elected president—should be abandoned.

The word "citizen" is derived ultimately from Latin *civis*, which signified a member of the Roman commonwealth. Like the Greek *polites*, *civis* designated two qualities: someone who dwelled in an organized commonwealth like Athens and who enjoyed all the privileges of the commonwealth. Citizens served in the army and on juries; they were exempt from the kinds of taxes that are levied on subject states; they were eligible to hold public office and to vote. In England, "citizen" has been used in both senses.

England was a monarchy in which the key political concept was not citizenship but subjection to the crown. Because the barons who held estates on both sides of the Channel often displayed doubtful loyalty to the crown, Norman England developed the concept of *ius soli*: You were an English subject if you were born on English soil. *Ius soli* citizenship made sense in the context of an island state and an Anglo-Norman aristocracy of divided loyalty; in America, it has made nothing but mischief, since an illegal-alien woman may unilaterally impose her child on the American commonwealth, so long as the child is born in the United States. We would have been better off had we adopted the more common notion of *ius sanguinis*, by which only the children of citizens (wherever they happen to be born) are citizens.

All of that is moot now, of course. Like the Roman emperors who gradually extended citizenship to virtually every free person within imperial territory, the American government has so liberally minted citizens out of aliens that the very concept of citizenship has become foreign (pun intended). Citizens are a dangerous bunch. As William Jennings Bryan put it, "The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error." Not anymore. We have been transformed into domesticated subjects rather than sturdy citizens, and our primary relationship to the state is based on obedience, not on the exercise of civil privileges. It was all in a good cause, of course. "Before man made us citizens," canted James Russell Lowell of fugitive slaves, "Nature made us men." And so all of us—native citizens, naturalized citizens, green-card aliens, "undocumented workers"—have been made in the image of nature, as free as rabbits and rocks.

—Humpty Dumpty

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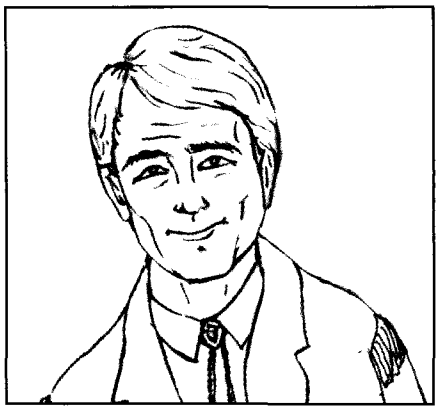
by Roger D. McGrath

Slavery's Inconvenient Facts



I learned firsthand how disturbing facts could be when teaching a U.S. history course at UCLA in 1987. One of my teaching assistants, a politically correct young woman, became terribly upset after listening to my lecture on slavery. "He shouldn't be saying such things!" she exclaimed to another teaching assistant. When asked by the other T.A. if she could challenge any of my facts, she exploded, "There are some facts that students just shouldn't know." Facts do have a rather inconvenient way of interfering with political correctness and with the imposition of theoretical models over the historical record. For a generation, at least, there has been a concerted effort to leave inconvenient facts out of the classroom. Discussions of slavery are particularly notorious. When I reintroduce a few of the facts that were once common to many college lectures, more than a few students look at me incredulously, as if I had invented the material. They can hardly be blamed. The material is new to them, and it wreaks havoc with the politically correct dogma they have been fed.

Now that the issue of reparations has been raised, it becomes even more important for the politically correct to suppress facts. The reparationists claim that the United States must compensate the descendants of slaves for 400 years of slavery. Since the United States was not established until 1788 (when the required three-fourths majority of the states approved the Constitution), slavery existed for only 77 years before the 13th Amendment abolished it. Add five years to include the government under the Articles of Confederation, and another seven if we go back to the Declaration of Independence. Before then, the reparationists have to look to Great Britain.

More importantly, though, Britain and other European powers did not enslave black Africans. Europeans (and, later, Americans), acting privately (although sometimes with government charters), simply traded barrels of rum and other items to tribal chiefs for already enslaved Africans and then relocated the slaves to the Americas. Thus, the reparationists should be concentrating their efforts on the tribes that dominated equatorial West Africa. The white slave-traders who came to the shores of Africa were responsible for buying slaves and helping to perpetuate the evil institution, but not for enslaving the tribe that had lost a war or the man who had fallen into debt or the child sold by his family. The U.S. government had nothing to do with *any* of this.

In the American colonies, the first Africans arrived as indentured servants, not as slaves, because slavery was not legally recognized. Legal status was inspired by Anthony Johnson, a former African slave and colonial indentured servant who had been granted land in Virginia and had acquired several indentured servants himself. One of his servants, John Castor, an African who had been sold in the colonies, sued for his freedom, claiming that he had served his years of indenture. Johnson fought back, arguing that Castor had never entered into a contract of indenture, as Europeans had, but had been bought in Africa as a slave. In 1654, the Virginia high court decided in Johnson's favor, declaring that Castor was a "servant for life." This precedent-setting case was cited in other Southern colonies, and slavery, under whatever name, became firmly entrenched. Anthony Johnson, a black man, should properly be called the Father of American Slavery.

Black Americans continued to hold slaves through the Civil War. In 1860, some 3,000 blacks owned nearly 20,000 black slaves. In South Carolina alone, more than 10,000 blacks were owned by black slaveholders. Born a slave in 1790, William Ellison owned 63 slaves by 1860, making him one of Charleston's leading slaveholders. In the 1850 census for Charleston City, the port of Charleston, there were 68 black men and 123 black women who owned slaves. In Louisiana's St. Landry Parish, according to the 1860 census, black planter Auguste Donatto owned 70 slaves and farmed 500 acres of cotton fields. Black slaveholders were the exception to the rule, but so, too, were white ones. Only a small minority of Southern whites owned slaves, little more than five percent of the white population if calculated by individual owner, or some 20 to 25 percent if all the members of the slaveowners' families are included. This means that 75 percent or more of Southerners neither owned slaves themselves nor were members of families who did.

When U.S. participation in the slave trade was ended in 1808 (as required by the Constitution) and cotton became an important crop, slaves became very valuable. A good fieldhand might go for $2,000 (some $150,000 in today's inflated currency). This meant that the most severe and dangerous work was left to hired white laborers, usually immigrant Irish. Frederick Law Olmsted, the architect of New York's Central Park, traveled throughout the South on the eve of the Civil War and was surprised to find, again and again, that Irishmen were used instead of slaves for the work of preparing swampland, felling trees, digging ditches, quarrying rock, and clearing forests because "it was much better to have Irish do it, who cost nothing to the planter if they died, than to use up good field-hands in such severe employment."

At a landing on the Alabama River, Irish deckhands were employed in catching and stowing cotton on ships after the heavy bales had come hurtling down a long chute from a towering bluff. When asked why slaves were not used to do the job, the ship's captain replied, "The niggers are worth too much to be risked here; if the Paddies are knocked overboard, or get their backs broke, nobody loses anything!" The death rate among Irish laborers was shocking. The construction of the New Basin Canal in Louisiana alone cost the lives of more than 10,000 Irishmen. They were buried where they fell, in mass graves. Throughout the South in the antebellum era, black slaves were better fed, clothed, and housed, worked shorter hours, and lived longer lives than immigrant Irish laborers. Inconvenient facts, one and all.

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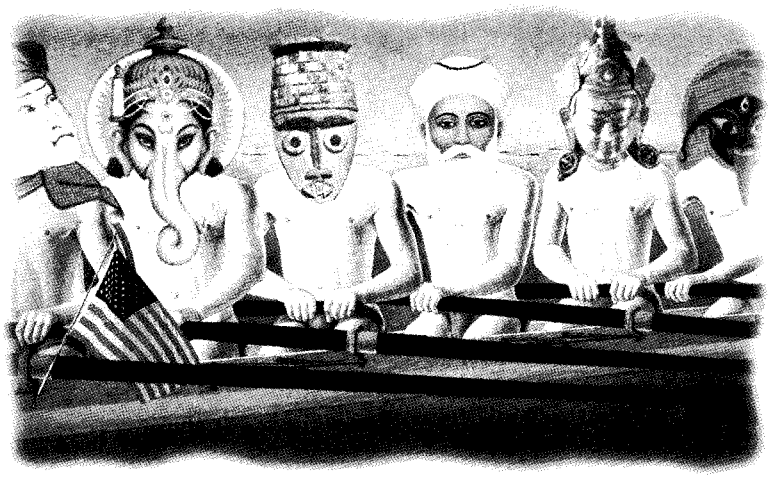
The Third Compartment

Immigration and the American Future

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."
—Alexander Pope, "An Essay on Man"



Jeff Drew

Although the raw figures from Census 2000 have been in the public domain for months already, the American public's response to the latest decennial survey is still not clear. For politicians, the census has been a wakeup call, alerting them to the 13 million new or potential voters pumped, sucked, or snuck into the American polity since 1990. For plain American citizens, it is a fire-bell in the night, warning them that, for the past 20 or 30 years, their country has been the object of a foreign invasion, and they are now in danger of losing it entirely. The response of the political class to the demographic crisis, since President Bush floated his Mexican amnesty proposal last summer, has been plain for all to see. The response of the public at large, on the other hand, is anything but plain—one reason among many why the direction and ultimate fate of what Jesse Jackson thinks of as the Old America is hard to foretell.

One of the most dramatic moments in one of the most prophetic events in history occurred within minutes after the *Titanic* collided with an iceberg off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Summoned to the bridge by Captain Edward Smith, Mr. Thomas Andrews, managing director of Harland & Wolff, the ship's builder, heard crewmen's reports on the extent of the flooding below decks as he pored over a blueprint of the liner. Then, with impeccable British composure, he explained to the captain and bridge officers why the unsinkable *Titanic* had an hour and a half to live. *Titanic*'s architects had designed the ship to float with two of her watertight compartments flooded. Now, it appeared that the damage below waterline extended at least to the third compartment, whose bulkhead rose only ten feet above the waterline. The laws of mathematics and of physics, Andrews explained, were inescapable. Water flooding the two forward compartments must draw the ship down by the bow, causing water from the second compartment to overflow into the third, from the third into the fourth, and so on throughout the length of the 888-foot hull. The point of no return had already been passed; the *Titanic* was inexorably doomed.

The question posed by the census is, has Third World immigration flooded the United States as far as the third compartment already? The issue is usually reformulated in terms of the future of the Republican Party in a country that truly has become a nation of immigrants, where George W. Bush stands to be the last Republican president elected before a Thousand-Year Democratic Reich takes hold, maintained in power first by a plurality and, eventually, a majority of nonwhite voters. For now, a consensus seems to have developed based on the demographic and cephalogical assessment by Steve Sailer (of UPI and *VDare.com*), who suggests that, while the burgeoning Hispanic population is certain to have a major political impact at some future time, that time has not yet arrived. If Sailer is correct, the United States still has the opportunity to save itself by declaring a moratorium on immigration or by writing immigration laws far more restrictive

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than the suicidal ones it presently finds no incentive to enforce.

Of course, the extinction of an already self-castrated, self-lobotomized, and self-disemboweled GOP is by no means the worst imaginable disaster to befall the country in the minds of skeptics and dissenters from the globalist orthodoxy who wonder whether the characteristically Western enthusiasm for other races, cultures, and civilizations is reciprocated by the immigrant peoples who represent them in the United States. President Hillary Rodham Clinton, Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle, House Majority Leader Henry Waxman, and U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Chuck Schumer do not represent the outer limit of possible consequences in store for the United States as a direct result of policy based on the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965, which opened the country to massive immigration from the Third World.

Ragged prophets, shunned and stoned by respectable people, have been warning at least since the 1980's that demographics resulting from a million prolific Third World immigrants arriving annually must eventually create a voting bloc soon to become unignorable and, in time, irresistible. Twenty years later, we have reached the first stage, as the George Bush-Vicente Fox master plan for the United States demonstrates; how long it will take us to arrive at the second, as the dynamics of fertility and chain migration speed population growth, no one can say. Already, though, it may be later than we think.

With the American electorate divided more or less evenly between two opposed ideological camps, the immigrant vote becomes the swing vote or tiebreaker, assuming an importance greatly in excess of immigrants' cultural influence and numbers but crucial all the same to the election strategies of both mainstream parties. Also, because the immigrant vote is overwhelmingly nonwhite, a social imperative exists for Republicans as well as Democrats to "reach out" to it, rather than to adopt the unthinkable alternative strategy of creating an overriding majority by frankly soliciting the European-American vote, which could successfully be rallied to shut down immigration. Whether or not President Bush's amnesty-regularization-*nuevo bracero* plans are realized, the Republicans are likely to contest mightily with the Democrats for Hispanic support—support that, for the GOP, is not at this point worth pursuing but whose inutility they are unlikely to discover until they have flooded the country with millions more Mexican voters, all of whom will promptly become registered Democrats.

Once three to eleven million Mexican illegals have been amnestied and millions of guest workers allowed into the country, with several more million arriving as relatives of the amnestied population and millions more coming in illegally, Mexican-Americans will rapidly become America's largest ethnic majority—an irresistible political force to be placated, solicited, and demagogued.

Mexican immigrants to this country, like the Mexican population as a whole, are mostly urban individuals. Though Mexican Foreign Minister Jorge Castenada has dubbed them the "new American pioneers," pioneering skills are, in fact, what they conspicuously *lack*. (What pioneer worth his salt cannot haul his bones to safety across 20 or 30 miles of desert from which the feared Apache have long since been removed?) Today's immigrants arrive in expectation of the security afforded by the welfare state, not the hardship and danger of the frontier. Polls show that, while Mexicans in the United States like President Bush, they have no use at all for the Republican Party. This lack of affinity has little if anything to do with past Republican support for immigration control, and everything to do with the Mexican perception that the GOP opposes big government and the welfare state. "We aren't against big government, we're for it," a Mexican-American politician in Los Angeles told a reporter last summer. "We see things we want that only government can give us." Obviously, if the Hispanic presence in America swells only a little more, the GOP is going to need to bend itself to the Democratic program even faster and more shamelessly than it does now.

The Clintonization of the Democratic Party seems to have wakened the Republicans to the dangerous nature of modern American politics and to fundamental differences that divide their constituency from the Democratic one. But following the naturalization of several million Mexicans and the subsequent arrival of millions more, the Republicans will find it impossible effectively to confront the anti-Western and supranational-socialistic Democratic agenda by aggressively defining themselves in opposition to America's tacitly acknowledged premier political party while, at the same time, pursuing the Mexamerican voting bloc whose support they will require to avoid falling into permanent minority status. This is because, when it comes to race, no one can out-demagogue the Democrats. Immediately following the leaked news that Bush was considering amnestying Mexican illegals, Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle grabbed the microphone to accuse the President of being discriminatory and to demand that *all* illegal immigrants—Mexican, Haitian, Afghani, Chinese, Eskimo, Venusian, and extragalactic—be accepted as candidates for citizenship. Of course, the senator from South Dakota had greater logic—if less sense—on his side than President Bush did. By the logic of liberalism and of the age, the right thing to do is amnesty *everyone* already in the United States. Indeed, doing the right thing means accepting *everyone who wants to come here*, so long as we do not have to send an airplane to pick him up. If Bush's amnesty makes it through Congress, it is nearly certain to be followed by a Great Opening-Up to immigrants from everywhere that, by comparison, will make the Immigration Decade of the 1990's look like the Time of the Heavy International Tourist Visitation.

As Samuel Francis has noted, "racism" now means opposing anything that people of color want, and people of color want, more than anything else, to come to the United States and to bring as many of their own kind as possible with them. The primary attraction is economic, not political; immigrants do not come to America because they admire Americans or British-American political institutions, but because they envy us our wealth and (for civilized people) the least attractive aspects of our way of life. Most do not seem to mean us particularly well, while some are cocky, aggressive, and even threatening. (The media do not cover ugly Mexican nationalist demonstrations in Southern California and elsewhere.) Yet, no one dares speak out against immigrants or immigration, because to do so is considered racist by the elite class that sets the standards of acceptable public discourse in America.

The restraints those p.c. standards impose make the impact of Census 2000 on the American public hard to assess. Signs of restiveness and uneasе appear here and there, particularly among the environmentally minded. Environmental groups, however, conscious of their own liberal standing and also of the fat corporate contributions they have come to expect and depend on, keep quiet. Americans, contrary to the national mythology, have been timid about voicing unfashionable opinions since the

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end of the Civil War; recently, political correctness—reinforced by poor education, intellectual sloth, religious unbelief, and material surfeit—has greatly increased their reluctance to dissent from whatever point of view represents the official consensus. Illegal invaders could be rounded up by the police and thrown out of the country, but such "conservatives" as Michael Medved consider this solution "fascistic," and there is certainly no possibility of Congress adopting it. Ron Unz, celebrating the end of white America in *Commentary* a couple of years ago, rejoiced that America will certainly become a multicultural entity, barring a resurgence of nativist resistance—in which case, Unz admitted, all bets on the American future are off.

Though signs of resistance have yet to occur, reaction seems inevitable in the long run. Almost as inevitably, the long run will be too late, beyond the point where regaining control of national political institutions and reinstating the old American culture is possible. And, as the European-American remnant asserts itself at last, the shock and indignation this provokes will heighten self-awareness among the former minorities and further promote the Balkanization of the nation. Once the southwestern states are loaded with Mexican immigrants and their descendants—enjoying dual citizenship in the United States and Mexico—the possibility for the return of these territories to Mexico by simple majority vote will be very real.

Even before the *reconquista* is a political fact, however, Mexicans may have ceased to be the dominant minority or plurality in the United States. Douglas S. Massey, professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, predicts that the latent potential for immigration is greatest not in Latin America but in Asia,

> where the forces that initiate and sustain international immigration have only begun to operate. The potential for Chinese immigration alone is enormous. Even a small rate of immigration, when applied to a population of more than a billion people, can be expected to produce a flow of immigrants dwarfing that now observed from Mexico.

While Chinese immigrants *en masse* would likely be more intelligent, better educated, and more skilled than the *mestizo* proletariat that supplies the lion's share of emigration from Mexico, the Chinese, unlike the Mexicans, have not been our neighbors for several centuries, nor is their history entwined with our own. We might, however, expect from them cohesion, aggression, and ruthlessness in a degree likely to produce conflict with the former majoritarian population and also with former minorities, the Jews especially—America's hitherto most successful minority, whose claim to victimhood is unlikely to receive sympathy from an Asian immigrant population with no compelling reason to assume a burden of guilt for two millennia of Jewish suffering.

Epochal forces, such as the new immigration to the United States and mass migration internationally, generate a momentum of their own that may be resisted only by a highly organized and resolute counterforce. In the case of the United States, no such force appears to be gathering. Caged in a fantasy world inspired by commercialized ideology and ideologized capitalism, corrupted by unprecedented affluence—the effect of which is to diffuse further a cultural tradition already undercut and attenuated by the Old Immigration during the past century-and-a-half—Americans today live in a state of moral paralysis that inhibits all the natural defense mechanisms and the instinct for survival. And so, as Paul Craig Roberts predicts, the fate of the United States probably *is* to become another Third World country, round about the middle of the 21st century.

Third World status implies that the United States will be other things as well. First, the consumer-socialist nature of modern America, long past the quickening stage, will be (barring an overwhelming influx of poverty-stricken peasants that swamps the economic structure) enhanced; the fatal fusion of political ideology and commercialism ensures this. Second, America will not enjoy a democratic polity as the term is now understood, the Constitution being amended—or replaced, or maybe simply ignored—to accommodate the Third World genius for chaotic tyranny or tyrannical chaos and the difficulties inherent in governing a vast, polyglot, and crowded people. (The Second Amendment will be one of the first of our British-American inheritances to be dispensed with. Strangely, given their history of political oppression, Mexicans in America appear to *favor* gun "control.") Third, "we" will no longer remain, even in semblance, a Christian country (Mexican immigrants are flocking in droves to Pentecostalism, a first step on the road to Scientism), nor are we likely to have any definable religious identity. Similarly, as the First Universal Nation, America will lack a common culture; in fact, it will probably not have any culture at all, aside from the ersatz one already in place. Fourth, America will be even more overwhelmingly an urban nation than it is today, the population—swelled by the superslums of the Third World—having grown prodigiously, suburban sprawl increased in proportion, and agricultural land being at a premium to reflect the burden of feeding not only ourselves but the billions of potential immigrants left at home. Finally, the country will have become an environmental mess, owing not just to overcrowding and the vastly increased pressure on natural resources (including groundwater) and open space, but the systematic repeal of environmental legislation passed in the late 20th century. (The indifference and contempt—even outright hostility—non-Western peoples feel for the natural world is no secret to anyone, except Big Environmentalism.)

Left unconsidered in this scenario is the possibility of a wild card. Barring any unforeseen catastrophic event, the future we face could quite plausibly be as I've outlined it here, the only consolation (if it *is* consolation) being that the United States would not suffer misery alone in a world worse off still than ourselves as demographics, limited warfare, terrorism, social confusion and decay, economic hypertension, epidemic, famine, and environmental disaster bring the end of history to a shuddering halt.

Unlike the *Titanic*, which plunged 12,500 feet to an honorable grave on the ocean bottom when flooding in the third compartment finally reached the 16th, something called the United States is likely to remain afloat—transformed from a powerful, graceful, and efficient luxury liner into a ghost ship, a down-at-the-bow Third World ghetto drifting on a Sargasso Sea, crammed and stinking, commanded by vicious thugs, each of whom has his own lifeboat picked out in case of the ultimate disaster: the realization in American terms of novelist Jean Raspail's prophetic vision more than a quarter-century ago.

(The *Titanic*, by the way, though British-built and manned by British tars, was American-owned, the White Star Line being controlled by the International Mercantile Marine, a Morgan trust and about as British a firm, as Walter Lord pointed out, as U.S. Steel.) c

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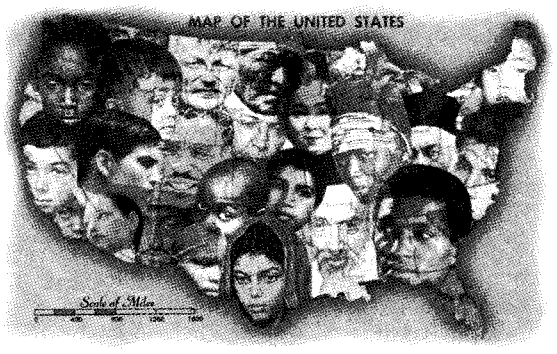
A Round Table Discussion

A NEW AGENDA



Jeff Drew

Shoot the Losers

Immigration and the End of Constitutional Government

by Samuel Francis

The novelist F. Reid Buckley once told a story about a Mexican woman who worked for his family as a maid or nanny during the 1930's. The woman knew that Buckley's father, William F. Buckley, Sr., was a strong opponent of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the 1932 presidential campaign. When she heard that Roosevelt had actually won the election, she burst into tears: She assumed that the FDR victory meant that Mr. Buckley would now be shot.

Given the resemblances between Roosevelt and the European dictators of the same era, the woman may have been closer to the truth than most people realize, and if on one level the story illustrates how constitutional government may not be able to survive mass immigration from countries where constitutionalism and its presuppositions are virtually unknown, it also suggests that Americans were perfectly capable of destroying their own constitutional tradition without the help of any immigrants—from the Third World, anyway.

Constitutional government depends upon shared, unwritten, and largely unconscious assumptions drawn from the civilizational ocean on which a paper constitution floats. Any given constitution—the British, the American, or even what those in Europe like to call their "constitutions"—derives from a larger political culture, a body of norms that govern the pursuit and uses of power far more intimately than any set of written laws, court decisions, and constitutional texts can. This is especially true of the U.S. Constitution, which, obviously enough to all but those who imagine it to be the product of universal "natural rights," reflects the long history of British political experience.

By the 18th century, it was an assumption of both British and colonial political practice that those who lost elections were not to be executed. The concept of a "loyal opposition," central to constitutional government, is not easily explained to those to whom it is alien, and it is even more difficult to institutionalize as an unspoken part of a political culture. It is a concept that was entirely foreign to the Mexican maid of the Buckley family, and it is becoming more and more elusive in American politics today; anyone who dissents from the hegemonic ideology of the regime is denounced and exposed as an "extremist," someone who "has been linked to" a "hate group" (and similar labels that place you outside the boundaries of political discussion and participation). That constriction of political expression and action is not due so much to immigration as it is to the dominance of those who, despite their native origins as Americans, are nevertheless more alien to the norms of our historic political culture than most Third Worlders—and who, for that very reason, see nothing unsettling about the mass immigration they have allowed and even encouraged.

The assumption that political losers and other dissidents should not be shot is only one of the preconditions of constitutional government that mass immigration from non-Western societies may help to erode. In *Alien Nation*, Peter Brimelow writes about the concept of the "metamarket" in economics—the idea that "the free market necessarily exists within a societal framework. And it can function only if the institutions in that framework are appropriate. For example, a defined system of private property rights is now widely agreed to be one of the essential preconditions." In other words, because "some degree of ethnic and cultural coherence may be among these preconditions," mass immigration that introduces ethnic and cultural incoherence may make market economies unworkable.

An analogous framework of preconditions pertains to the

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functioning of political freedom, although serious universalists on the right would probably deny it. They would inform us that the "free market," like political freedom, is based on "natural rights" that are universal and self-evident; all that is needed for markets and liberal democracies to flourish indefinitely is that people know and assent to these rights and that no power interfere with them. There are people who call themselves "conservatives" today who really believe such things.

It is impossible to enumerate each and every "precondition" on which a market economy or a constitutional order (or even nationality) rests; the preconditions become apparent over the course of history, as their occasional malfunctioning makes them visible by creating economic or political chaos, in the same way that the parts of a car become apparent to most only when they stop working. But it is easy enough to imagine or deduce some of them, which is what John Jay did in a well-known passage of *Federalist* 2:

> Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country, to one united people, a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs, and who, by their joint counsels, arms and efforts, fighting side by side throughout a long and bloody war, have nobly established their general Liberty and Independence.

The preconditions that Jay specifies—common ancestors, a common language, a common religion, a common political consensus, common manners and customs (a culture or set of shared norms), and a common experience or history—are precisely what mass immigration renders impossible. As California, for example, ceases to be part of American culture—even as it remains legally part of the country—and becomes the Latin culture that its largest ethnic fragment is making it, it will be the state's Hispanics who will share Jay's set of preconditions, not the dwindling number of Americans. They, not we, will be able to form a consensual political order in California—insofar as a consensual political order (an order not based largely on coercion) is possible in Latin American culture.

The survival of constitutional government (especially under the real U.S. Constitution) is doubtful enough in the United States today; with the infusion of masses of unassimilated and often hostile aliens from a culture in which both the political participation and respect for the rule of law that are essential for free government are largely absent, it is virtually inconceivable that it will endure at all. Nearly two thirds of adult Mexican immigrants have not completed high school, and Mexican immigrants account for nearly 22 percent of all high-school dropouts. Will Mexican-Americans command even the elementary literacy that permits intelligent political participation in representative government? Will they import into our political culture the kind of peasant-like passivity that is the antithesis of republican government and the foundation of authoritarian rule? Will they import the customary corruption of Mexican politics, ranging from the low-level crookedness of the street cop and minor functionary to the grand scale of billion-dollar drug trafficking and assassination that the Salinas government displayed? Will they replicate the political ideologies of Latin America, which run from outright fascism to mere *caudillismo* to revolutionary socialism? Will they settle political differences with the death squads of El Salvador, the torture chambers of Castro and Trujillo, or the transnational murders of the Sandinistas?

Some of those questions and others closely related to the survival of our form of government should have been asked by Americans well before they decided to permit the mass invasion from Latin America that has taken place over the last three decades. Unfortunately, no one asked them. Today, whatever the answers are, they have already been given. c

A New Christian America

An Unexpected Consequence of Immigration

by Philip Jenkins

Have you made any special plans for Quincentennial Day? It promises to be a huge event, conceivably even more spectacular than the overblown Y2K phenomenon a couple of years back. I am referring, of course, to December 12, 2031. This is the feast day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico's patron saint, in the year that marks the 500th anniversary of the original apparition of the Virgin to Aztec peasant Juan Diego. The event will no doubt be commemorated with a vast celebration of Mexican and Chicano Catholic identity, both north and south of the Rio Grande, and if current trends are anything to go by, it should also appeal to Latinos across North America. That year will probably be seen as America's true and proper Quincentennial, without all of the perilous ambiguities associated with the celebration of Columbus's landing in 1992.

By the middle of the present century, the United States will have a population radically different from what existed as recently as 1965: About a third of Americans will be of either Latino or Asian heritage. Such a sea change will naturally have its impact on the nation's religious life, but probably not in the manner many of us now expect. When we think of the effects of immigration, we often visualize them through religious symbols—through images of mosques and Hindu temples in American suburbs, of women wearing Muslim garb on America's city streets. It seems all too likely that the emerging polyglot America will be utterly de-Christianized. Religion scholar Diana Eck recently published a book entitled *A New Religious America*, which boasts "How a Christian Country Has Become the World's Most Religiously Diverse Nation."

A moment's reflection should indicate the gaping holes in this theory. If, indeed, the United States in 2050 contains 100 million Latinos, we cannot be too certain whether they will be chiefly

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Catholic or Pentecostal, but it is a virtual certainty that they will not be attending mosques or Taoist temples. Then as now, Latinos will overwhelmingly be Christian. And so, perhaps surprisingly, will be the bulk of the Asian population. Some Asian immigrants today follow traditional religions such as Buddhism, but many others are Christian. Many derive from strongly Christian homelands, like the Philippines, or from countries with large Christian minorities, such as Vietnam or South Korea. Other Asian migrants are recent converts. Among Korean-Americans today, Christians outnumber Buddhists by ten or twenty to one. The "Pacific Rim" is looking ever more like a Christian Arc.

The number of new immigrants who practice non-Christian religions is far less than most might suppose. Buddhist or Taoist numbers are smaller than they appear, and the numbers commonly given for American Muslims are likewise exaggerated. Though we read suggestions that the United States is home to as many as eight million Muslims, actual numbers remain a good deal smaller—probably four million or so, amounting to 1.5 percent of the population. Though Americans tend to assume that all Middle Eastern immigrants must be Muslim, many Arab-Americans are, in fact, Christian. The United States has been a popular destination for better-off Arab Christians from Palestine, Lebanon, and Syria. And any likely Muslim growth through immigration will be far exceeded by the continuing Christian influx from Africa, Asia, and—above all—Latin America.

The strength of American Christianity, present and future, contradicts much of the received wisdom. However many chadors are worn on the streets of New York City or Los Angeles, the number of adherents of non-Christian religions in the United States is strikingly small. If we combine the plausible estimates for the numbers of American Jews, Buddhists, Muslims, and Hindus, then we are speaking of about four or five percent of the total population. According to the respected World Christian Encyclopedia, even by 2025, the combined strength of the non-Christian religions will only be about seven percent. This makes the United States about as religiously diverse as most European nations, and less so than some. Adherents of non-Christian religions already make up ten percent of the population of France, four percent of Great Britain, and five percent of Germany and the Netherlands.

Projections about the future of American religion have become an important weapon in debates over the separation of church and state. When conservatives demand school prayer, liberals object that the present Christian predominance will not last much longer and that demographic trends might lead to Islam or Buddhism growing quickly in the United States. The implications are clear: Would those Christians who want school prayer or public displays of religion really make the same demands if they were forced to listen to Muslim prayers, to see Buddhist shrines on public grounds? Do Christians want to see tax dollars flowing to faith-based organizations if the faiths in question are Muslim or Buddhist?

The realities, however, are quite different. To adapt Professor Eck's title, what we are really seeing is "How Mass Immigration Ensured That a Christian Country Has Become an Even More Christian Country." And these new Christian communities tend to be very socially conservative. They rarely share traditional American qualms about mixing church and state. In 2031, we can expect to see a lot of statues of Our Lady of Guadalupe outside city halls. However much Christian conservatives and traditionalists dislike mass immigration, they have—in religious terms at least—a great deal to gain.

We can see a striking contrast between immigration patterns in the United States and Western Europe, where the bulk of the new ethnic groups *are* non-Christian—specifically Muslim—and major cultural transformations have resulted. In response, some conservative Europeans have argued that governments should deliberately promote Christian immigration to reduce Islamic influence. In Italy in 2000, Bologna's Giacomo Cardinal Biffi made the controversial suggestion that, while immigrants were definitely needed, preference should be given to people of Catholic background. "And there are many," he said, "Latin Americans, Filipinos and Eritreans." Naturally, his ideas ignited furious denunciation as a manifestation of racial bigotry (which they clearly were not). Americans can only gaze at this controversy with wonder. Quite unconsciously and accidentally, the United States has, for 30 years, been pursuing something very similar to the Biffi policy of favoring mass Christian immigration. How appalled our thoroughly secular rulers would be if only they had known what they were doing.

c

"This Land Is My Land"

Immigration and Environmental Stewardship

by Virginia Deane Abernethy

The pressures that swelling populations exert against natural resources often increase economic inequality. Fortunately, unequally distributed wealth and power can result in forms of ownership that achieve environmental protection—for example, the arrangements of Colombian ranchers in the province of Cordoba. As Juan Forero writes in the *New York Times* (August 6): "A few years ago, Sergio Ochoa all but abandoned his ranch. Leftist guerrillas were extorting money from landowners and torching the homes of those who did not pay." Today, the ranch is protected and operating smoothly, since a privately paid force of paramilitary fighters wiped out the reigning guerrilla groups—all three of them. Like-minded ranchers, businessmen, and law-abiding citizens fund the peacemakers. The Colombian government is apoplectic—but why? Its own battle to subdue or negotiate with the drug-money guerrillas stands at approximately 0-8, or maybe 0-18.

Sergio Ochoa lives on his ranch once again, expects his family to live there after him, and has every incentive to make sure that it remains productive. Property owners have a natural in-

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clination to take care of their wealth-producing resources, because that which is conserved today will yield profit tomorrow. Conservation becomes a matter of self-interest.

The long-term results of private ownership are seen in the large tracts of open space and wildlife habitat in England and Scotland. These oases of beauty and unspoiled nature endure because of the practice of "enclosure"—fencing in order to exclude the poor and their herd animals, whose growing number once threatened to devastate field and forest. The 19th-century Enclosure Acts confirmed title in the ruthless acquisitions of earlier centuries. Private ownership of large tracts fosters conservation because only a portion of the land is needed for subsistence or profit. The contrast with very small plots, cultivated lot-line to lot-line, where every tree competes with higher-valued crops, appears worldwide.

Shares shrink when the goal of equality forces the redistribution of wealth. The shrinkage is typically mitigated by environmental exploitation. Explore (read: drill) for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge! Open tracks of rainforest for settlement! The "needs" of people trump environmental goals.

Now, I do not think that caribou are harmed by prospecting on a patch the size of a football field. But environmentalists disagree. In a face-off with what people can demand through the ballot box, conservation loses. In the long run, conservation loses every time. Scrap equality. Bet, instead, on private property. (Not to worry. Concentrations of wealth evolve naturally in response to population growth and limited resources.)

Population growth in Colombia is rapid, so strong-arm laws enacted to protect property are no surprise. In the British Isles, centuries of steady population growth (0.5 percent annually with doubling every 140 years after the Black Death) led straight to the eviction of peasants.

The U.S. population is now growing by 1.2 percent, or 3.2 million people per year—70 percent of which is due to immigration. At this rate, our population will double in 60 years. No other industrialized country in the world grows at this rate. "Equality" is vanishing fast, because an oversupply of labor drives down wages in any type of economy. Demographer Ronald Lee studied labor supply and wages in late-medieval England. Comparing wages in periods of labor shortage caused by the Black Death (first wave in 1348; worst in about 1400) with wages after sustained population recovery, Lee concludes that a ten-percent growth in the population had the effect of raising returns to landowners (employers) by 19 percent, at the same time that it depressed real wages by 22 percent.

The lower and middle classes usually do not benefit from population growth. Economist David Ricardo, an early 19th-century advocate for free markets, warned that the power elite benefit from excess—therefore, cheap—labor at the expense of almost everyone else. The majority, depending on wages and salaries, ends up worse off.

Economist George Borjas concludes that immigration into the United States costs labor $133 billion annually, while inflating profits by $140 billion. Analysts, most of whom advocate the redistribution of wealth, eagerly explain how much the United States has polarized into rich and poor. Not long ago, one wage-earner's take-home pay was sufficient for a middle-class lifestyle; median wages today are too low to support an ordinary family in many of the cities where working families must live in order to work. Making ends meet forces over half of mothers with preschool children to work outside of the home.

Comparisons among modern industrialized nations show a nearly perfect relationship: Where the rate of population growth is smallest (Japan and Germany), wage inequality is least. The United States has the fastest-growing population and the greatest disparity between CEO pay and worker pay.

Population pressure seems to heighten interest in acquiring remote rural land. Stagnating real wages at the lower end of the economic ladder mean that few will be able to afford the large holdings that promote both conservation and self-sufficiency. But I predict that such holdings, individually and in clusters and entailed by legally binding covenants, will protect ever more agricultural and wilderness acreage.

Governments must be deterred from redistributing wealth—as in China and the former Soviet Union—because the goal of equality in the face of population growth is a phantom—an evil phantom that results in environmental wastelands.

The U.S. government could protect both the middle class and the environment by stopping mass immigration. Increased law enforcement to curtail illegal immigration and the passage of H.R. 2712, the Mass Immigration Reduction Act of 2001, would help return America to long-held values. c

We Are All Immigrants Now

Rebuilding Our Culture

by Donald W. Livingston

Poll after poll shows that the vast majority of Americans want stricter controls on immigration. Yet it should be clear that our ruling class is not going to impose stricter controls or even enforce its own laws. What does this mean? The first thing to note is that immigrants, as such, are not the problem. A healthy society can absorb fairly large numbers of immigrants (within limits) if it has control of the institutions that transmit its culture. The Constitution guarantees to each state "a republican form of government," which means that each state has legal protection for its distinct way of life—a form of *corporate* liberty that is further protected by the Ninth and Tenth Amendments. But this corporate liberty of state and local communities has been usurped, and the rules rigged to favor a rootless form of individualism managed by a centralized American state.

Americans have acquiesced in this usurpation, disarmed by the dominant ideology that America is not rooted in culture or tradition like other countries, but is grounded in an abstract

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idea of individual rights that transcends the particularities of *all* cultures. Since these rights are the same for all individuals everywhere in the world, the United States is said to be the first universalist nation in history. A "universalist nation" is, of course, an oxymoron, as is its leftist counterpart, the "multicultural nation." Yet this is what America has come to mean.

A "conservative" political scientist told me in the late 1980's that the United States and the Soviet Union were the only nations grounded in abstract ideas, not culture. She thought the Soviet ideas wrong and the American ideas right. To be an American was simply to subscribe to a set of principles favoring individual rights. She had no idea how "Soviet" her view was, nor how nihilistic. If it were true, then anyone in the world subscribing to the proper abstract principles would be, in all essentials, an "American." This opens the door to American imperialism. Since people all over the world believe in "our way of life," there are virtual "Americans" all over the world who need our protection. This opens the door to unlimited immigration, both legal and illegal. For what force can mere particularistic legal tradition have in opposition to universalist principle? (Hence Sen. John McCain's recent remark that to deny amnesty to our current crop of illegal immigrants is to repudiate "American principles.") What effect this amnesty would have on the good of traditional society is not asked. To raise the question, as Pat Buchanan discovered, is to invite charges of xenophobia and racism.

The sort of "Americanism" that informs our ruling class is deeply hostile toward traditional American society. It has been used to eliminate the Christian cultural inheritance from public schools and from public life. It is embarrassed by its European heritage and scandalized by the remnants of strong regional cultures (such as the South), where society and place are viewed as providential and ideology as corrupting.

In the inverted world of American liberalism, the immigrant is more authentically American than those whose ancestors cleared the forests over 200 years ago and built the institutions of the country. The latter are encumbered with memories of historic struggles and with loyalties to institutions, regions, peoples, and traditions. For the immigrant, America is naturally an abstraction, and he is encouraged by liberalism to think of it as reducible to a set of abstract principles—like a college student who thinks he has a good understanding of Shakespeare from reading *Cliff's Notes*. At the turn of the century, around 40 percent of immigrants returned home. Here in the states, they encountered substantial moral communities; there was no welfare to speak of. Some were willing to trade their culture for material prosperity, but many were not.

Our ruling class favors rapid mobility of capital and labor on a global scale, however destructive it might be to local communities. Substantial moral communities have been hollowed out and flattened out to ease the centralization of power. Empires have often used immigration policy for the purpose of centralization. The Soviets sought to eradicate the independence of the Baltic peoples through massive immigration; Tito followed the same policy in Kosovo, as China is currently in Tibet.

It is time to acknowledge that we live in an *empire*, not a republic. Classical republican government protects a public space for the enjoyment of a valuable way of life, which is lived out on a human scale. It is not rule by a managerial elite. Not one American state has what could be called a republican form of government. And the United States is no more a republic than President Clinton's "town meetings"—conducted on a continental scale via satellite—were town meetings. Nor is the United States a representative democracy. There are 435 representatives in the House, 100 senators, and one president. That amounts to 536 people ruling over 285 million and spending around two trillion dollars per year. There is one representative in the House for every 655,000 citizens—a ratio that renders representation meaningless. To make matters worse, major social policy for these 285 million souls is determined by nine unelected Supreme Court justices. Under these conditions politics, in anything approaching the republican sense, is quite impossible. The project, urged by Pat Buchanan, of "taking our country back" through *nationalist* politics is now hopeless. We should, therefore, stop thinking of ourselves in terms of republican politics. It serves only to legitimate further acts of hollowing out, and hides from us our true condition.

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We live in an empire, and must begin speaking and thinking accordingly. This means returning to primordial questions. Who am I? Who are my people? To what traditions must I be loyal? What kind of American am I? And we must try to live out the answers to these questions on a human scale. Where the communities and institutions for this project survive, they should be revived and cultivated. Where they do not, new communities, institutions, and associations should be formed. Secession from larger jurisdictions (including even a state from the Union) can no longer be rejected out of hand. Secession from a republic seems unpatriotic, but an empire is a different matter. Christians in the Roman empire lost interest in propping up the *imperium* and turned their energy, loyalty, and imagination to forming their own communities. In time, the rules lived out in these communities took on the form of jurisdictions, then politics, and eventually became Christendom.

If we harbor any resentment for winding up in this condition, we have only ourselves to blame. Except for the violent consolidation of the Civil War, centralization has been incremental. Americans have either acted as accomplices or refused to see the matter as important enough to call forth resistance. We certainly cannot blame the immigrants. They are simply using the empire to improve their condition and to establish a new way of life. Instead of lamenting the loss of our country, we should begin building the institutions for a new one. St. Augustine and St. Benedict should be our models, rather than Cato and Cicero. c

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California, Here We Come

Katy, Bar the Door

by Roger D. McGrath

Jeff Drew

It has happened. Whites have been reduced to a minority in California. By whites, I mean, of course, "non-Hispanic whites," because most of the illegal aliens who have poured across the border from Mexico during the last 30 years to change dramatically the composition of California's population are *mestizo*, a mixture of Spanish and American Indian, though some—especially those illegal aliens whose origin is Guatemala—seem purely Indian. Indian or *mestizo*, the new population (which also includes significant numbers of Salvadorans) little resembles the Mexicans descended from old California families who lobbied successfully during the 1920's to be designated as "white" in the census.

Although the numbers are hotly debated, there are probably five to seven million illegal aliens and children of illegal aliens in California. Some 80 percent of these are of Mexican origin. This unchecked flow of illegal immigrants has made California 30 percent Latino. Americans of European descent now make up only 47 percent of the population, with Asians at 11 percent and blacks at 6 percent. As recently as 1970, whites were more than 80 percent of the population. The total population is now 34 million, an increase of 12 million since 1970, and none of this growth has come from the European-American population. Since the early 1970's, more whites have moved out of California than into the state, and the white birthrate has fallen below replacement level. If both legal and illegal immigration had been tightly controlled, California's population would have stabilized 30 years ago, something for Californians to contemplate during the next power shortage, water rationing, or freeway gridlock.

Population projections are always problematic, but, if the rates of increase and demographic change remain the same, by the year 2030, California will be home to 50 million people, and fewer than 20 percent of them will be of European extraction. Whites will be outnumbered not only by Latinos, but by Asians. Blacks will probably maintain their six-percent share of the population but will continue to be displaced from their old neighborhoods, which have been especially hard hit by Mexican immigration. A good example of such displacement is occurring in Oxnard, a seaside, mostly working-class community that is Ventura County's largest city. Blacks made up seven percent of the population in 1980; today, the city is only three percent black, and the black population is likely to dip under two percent by the next census. Meanwhile, the percentage of Latinos has increased from 40 to 66. "Oxnard is just not a friendly place anymore," said Ruby Vines, a 55-year-old black woman, in a *Los Angeles Times* interview. "They cater to Hispanics in Oxnard. California is beginning to seem like a foreign country to me." Vines plans to move back to her native Texas. Maurice Qualls, born and reared in Oxnard, recently moved to Las Vegas because of the Mexican influx. Returning to Oxnard to visit, he complained, "Here there's a Latino mayor and Latino city manager. And there has been a lot of problems with black and Latino gangs. Out on the streets, black people are outnumbered."

Competition for jobs has driven many blacks from Oxnard. "There's not enough work to go around," said Robert Wilber. "I don't think it's prejudice, but once Hispanics get in a neighborhood, they bring all their family, and then they all get jobs. So they have so many working, they can always get a house and keep it." A family of illegal aliens nearby demonstrates Wilber's point. Living together in a small, three-bedroom house are 12 Mexicans—a mother and father, five sons, a grandfather, an aunt and uncle, and two cousins. "We like it here," said one of the sons. "Everybody works. And mostly everybody around here speaks Spanish." This helps to explain why Oxnard has

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lost nearly a thousand black residents during the last decade while gaining 30,000 Mexicans. "It's weird," said Douglas Cotton, a born-and-bred Oxnard resident who moved to Dallas in 1996. "I was back in Oxnard for Thanksgiving, and I didn't see anybody I grew up with."

Because of the Hispanicization of black neighborhoods, black political clout has declined precipitously since peaking during the 1980's. There are only four blacks in the 80-member California assembly and just two in the 40-member senate. Statewide, fewer than 250 blacks hold office. At the same time, there are 19 Latinos in the assembly and seven in the senate, and nearly 800 hold county, municipal, and city offices. Tom Bradley was Los Angeles's first black mayor. He might also be the last. With blacks sinking below 15 percent and Latinos now exceeding 46 percent of Los Angeles's population, the next mayor will likely be brown. James Hahn, who recently defeated a Latino candidate for the office, might be the city's last white mayor.

"High population density" and "California" used to be mutually exclusive terms. Rambling, one-story houses on large lots were common in the suburbs in the 1940's and 50's. Now, because land has become so valuable, new housing tracts rarely feature one-story houses: Building two-stories allows the developer to maintain the square footage of the house while drastically reducing the size of the lot. The old, sprawling feeling that was part of the relaxed ambiance of California suburbs has been replaced by dense development, because millions of immigrants, almost all of them non-English-speaking (and most of them illegal and Latino), have flooded California's cities and sent whites fleeing to the suburbs.

Based on number of people per household, the Golden State now has eight of the country's ten most densely populated cities. Based upon number of people per square mile (a methodology that would seem to eliminate California's low-rise cities from contention), California still has five of the top ten most densely populated cities in the United States. The numbers can boggle the mind. When a fire destroyed a three-bedroom house in Oxnard, six Latino families, totaling 43 men, women, and children, lost their home. "Thank God most of the kids were in school," said the mother of six of the 30 children in the household. "Only 12 were at home."

Despite such crowding, Oxnard ranks only fourth on the roster of most densely populated cities, trailing Santa Ana, El Monte, and East Los Angeles. Santa Ana, Orange County's largest city at 338,000 residents, fought the influx of illegal aliens and the concomitant population explosion by passing an ordinance in 1991 that limited the number of people who could inhabit various types of dwellings. The city thought it was reasonable, for example, to limit the number of people living in a one-bedroom apartment to five. Taken to court, the city's anti-crowding ordinance was initially upheld, but eventually it was ruled invalid by a state appeals court, which declared that a state housing code (which allowed for denser habitation) superseded the ordinance.

With the ordinance invalidated, Santa Ana saw its population grow by more than 45,000 during the 1990's, despite tens of thousands of people abandoning the town for the suburbs of southern Orange County. Santa Ana, once the bastion of the white working class in Orange County, is now only 12 percent white, and English is a second language in the elementary schools. Both the city council and school board now have Latino majorities.

As town after town in California goes the way of Santa Ana, the Golden State is headed for a population density that could rival China's in another 30 or 40 years. Yet strangely, the Sierra Club, the state's oldest environmentalist group and once devoted to preserving California's wilderness and conserving the state's resources, not only refuses to call for a reduction of legal immigration but even refuses to attack illegal immigration. Long ago, the club was taken over by politically correct activists, most of whom have never set foot upon the John Muir Trail, let alone hiked its entire length lugging all their gear and supplies in an old Kelty pack. Some of the genuine wilderness trekkers who still remained in the club pushed the question of California's growing population, immigration levels, and illegal immigration to a vote last year by proposing that the club adopt a policy position calling for restriction and control. The proposal was defeated by a 60 to 40 majority. I have a sneaking suspicion that, if there were millions of foreign whites inundating California, the Sierra Club would have found the courage to pass the proposal.

> The greatest cost of all cannot be calculated in dollars: the loss of our national sovereignty, cultural heritage, and identity as a people.

The Sierra Club also remained silent on the issue of immigration during California's recent power crisis. Repatriating only the illegal aliens and their offspring—upward of seven million people—would mean no shortage of electricity, no more wild rivers dammed, and no new power plants built. California is now in a plant-building frenzy, and the last of the free-flowing rivers are being studied for power-generation potential. Another 30 years of illegal (and legal) immigration, and there will be no river left untouched by dams and generators. Conservation is no answer. California already has one of the lowest consumptions of electricity *per capita* of any industrialized state, and electricity use has declined five percent *per capita* since the 1970's.

Looming on the horizon is California's next crisis, which should make brownouts seem tame. California's climatological pattern is clear: a prolonged drought will occur. With millions of people added to the state's population since the last dry spell and with no new water resources developed—thanks to the Sierra Club and their allies—the situation could become desperate. The Sierra Club cannot have it both ways. Either stop people from pouring across the border and drastically reduce legal immigration, or dam everything down to creeks, build desalination plants in every coastal city, sink a million wells, seed the clouds, and tow icebergs from Antarctica.

Even if both legal and illegal immigration are stopped, the birthrate among immigrant Latinas in California will ensure a growth rate that will double the state's population in 50 years. While white women in California each have fewer than two children, immigrant Latinas are producing more than four chil-

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dren each. The rate is quite remarkable, especially when we consider that Mormon women in Utah have slightly fewer than three children each. California's schools reflect these birthrates. The Los Angeles Unified School District (LAUSD), which was nearly 70 percent white as recently as the early 1970's, is now 71 percent Latino and only 9.9 percent white. The schools of the San Fernando Valley, which are part of the LAUSD, were known for their homogenous white composition well into the 1970's. Most of the valley schools were more than 90 percent white, and many of them were almost exclusively white, until busing and then illegal immigration began effecting dramatic changes during the 1970's. Today, the schools that were once the bastion of the white middle class are 66 percent Latino and only 19 percent white.

Most of the schools in North Hollywood, a portion of the eastern San Fernando Valley, have become more than 80 percent Latino, and English is taught as a second language. These schools receive millions of dollars in federal funding under Title I. The schools are required to spend one to two percent of the money on the students' parents, most of whom are illegal aliens. The bulk of the money is used to provide every classroom with a teaching assistant and each school with a truant officer, a counselor, a nurse, a psychiatrist, and a social worker. Money also goes to the establishment and operation of a community center. Parents are offered special courses; the students, individual tutoring and a free breakfast and lunch.

Additional supplementary federal monies (which, in this case, must be matched by the state) come to the schools from the Bilingual Funding program, amounting to millions of dollars, one to two percent of which must be spent on the parents. Teachers whose students qualify under Bilingual Funding receive an extra $5,000 per year. Computers and books are also supplied under the program. More money is pumped into the schools through the Structured English Immersion and LA Best programs. The latter offers "homework enrichment" and allows each student up to 32 hours of after-school tutoring by a teacher. The Early Language Support Academy tutors students in groups of ten. Millions here and millions there eventually add up to real money, and almost all of it goes to students who are the children of illegal aliens or illegal aliens themselves. Despite generous funding and all of the special programs, student performance is dismal, with most of them scoring far below grade level on various standardized tests.

That many of our public schools are essentially attempting to educate the children of Mexico, and to a lesser degree Central America, should be evident to every California citizen. The Mexican government recognized this in the early 1990's and began donating textbooks by the thousands to California school districts. The textbooks are written in Spanish and are devoted to Mexican history and culture. Students can learn all about the Mexican national coat of arms, the Mexican national anthem, and the Mexican Day of the Dead celebration, but nothing about their American counterparts. The Mexican government has been so elated by the results of the program that it is now sending textbooks to school districts outside of California that have large Latino populations.

The problem of illegal-alien students extends beyond California's primary and secondary schools into college. Illegal aliens are not prohibited from attending California's public universities, but—if they have been honest when filling out their college applications—they have to pay out-of-state tuition, as do other foreign students and students from America's other 49 states. For several years, advocates for illegal aliens have been demanding that "undocumented immigrants" pay only the legal resident tuition fee. In 2000, a bill to that effect, supported by most Democrats and nearly all Latino legislators, was approved by the state legislature but vetoed by Gov. Gray Davis, who cited conflicts with federal law. Touring California last March, Mexican President Vicente Fox urged that the issue be revisited. A new bill currently sits in the legislature. If the bill becomes law this time around, illegal aliens will pay a fraction of the tuition paid by an American citizen from another state. "You say your family have been tax-paying American citizens for five generations and you won two purple hearts and are 20 percent disabled? Tough break, pal; you're from Iowa, not Mexico!"

The controversy may soon become moot. With the wholehearted support of most Latino legislators, a bill has been introduced into the state legislature to grant California driver's licenses to illegal aliens. With a California driver's license, a California high-school diploma, and a Social Security card (easily obtained illegally), no university would question a prospective student's residency status.

Illegal immigration has also taxed the criminal-justice system to the limit in several counties. In 1999, San Diego County expended $50 million on law enforcement and emergency medical care for illegal immigrants. Next door, lightly populated Imperial County, with a fraction of San Diego's tax base, spent six million dollars. Imperial County supervisors fear that the burden may push the county into bankruptcy. In Los Angeles County, illegal aliens commit a wildly disproportionate amount of crime, costing the county tens of millions of dollars. Last April, the *Daily News* published a rogue's gallery of the 20 most-wanted criminal suspects in Los Angeles. One was black, two were Armenians, and 17 were Latinos. An accompanying article provided a description and vital information for each suspect. That for Alvaro Beltrani Merino was typical for the Latinos: "black hair, brown eyes . . . wanted for suspicion of murder . . . may have fled to Mexico."

Why do we, or the powers that be, allow all of this to occur? Because powerful interests are benefiting from it. Those who employ illegal aliens get cheap labor. The labor, however, is cheap only to the employers. The rest of us are paying for it. When illegal aliens give birth, their instant citizen-children make them eligible for AFDC, food stamps, subsidized housing, and transportation vouchers. The birth of the children costs the illegal aliens nothing, and schooling is free. The LAUSD, for example, spends nearly $11,000 per child. A family with four children thus costs the district almost $44,000 per year. A day laborer, farm worker, domestic, or minimum-wage factory employee does not pay enough taxes to cover more than a fraction of the schooling costs alone. Now, add costs for medical care, law enforcement, and the criminal-justice system. The greatest cost of all, though, cannot be calculated in dollars: the loss of our national sovereignty, cultural heritage, and identity as a people.

For years, most people outside of the once-Golden State looked upon illegal aliens and the Hispanicization of society as California's problem. Warnings from Californians fell upon deaf ears. Now the problem has come to other states. Meanwhile, back at the White House, President Bush celebrates *Cinco de Mayo* and broadcasts his weekly address to the nation in both English and Spanish. c

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Something Is Missing

by Paul Gottfried

"If anyone wish to migrate to another village, and if one or more who live in that village do not wish to receive him, if there be only one who objects he shall not move there."

—The Salic Law, c. 490

The New Americans: How the Melting Pot Can Work Again
by Michael Barone
Washington, D.C.: Regnery; 338 pp., $27.95

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In this commentary on the American experiment, Michael Barone declares that the United States has been evolving into a multicultural society for a century or more. The mass immigration of Hispanics and of other Third World populations that is now taking place is a reenactment of the tidal wave that reached us from Ireland and Eastern and Southern Europe in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. While latter-day immigrants and our visible minorities are confronted by elites that have come "to doubt the fundamental goodness and decency of the society they nonetheless felt entitled to lead," Barone is optimistic about the prospects for integrating the "new Americans" into some kind of national mainstream. From his perspective, "striking parallels" exist between today's hyphenated Americans and some of the older settlers. Blacks are following the paths trod by the Irish-Americans several generations ago: going into politics, the police force, and civil service as a way of raising themselves socioeconomically. Asians are behaving like European Jewish immigrants by practicing entrepreneurship and competing for academic and professional success. Meanwhile, Mexican-Americans are following the example of the earlier immigrants from Southern Italy by maintaining close familial and communal ties and using them as assets to advance individually.

Jeff Drew

To be fair, Barone does perceive problems with the reenactment scenario he offers. Some of the behavioral patterns developing among immigrants are not entirely to his liking; and, like Thomas Sowell in *Ethnic America*, he complains about the shared attitude he observes among the Irish in the past and the blacks of today, who depend on expanding government to better themselves socially. Even urban Jews, Barone's favorite American success story, come across in this book as being deeply alienated from the surrounding Christian society. Barone portrays (perhaps in order to guard his left flank) an antediluvian WASP America that reeked with prejudice; this unpleasant society, which limped along until the 1960's, helped "set Jews apart" by practicing discrimination against them. Still, Barone credits the WASP elite with having responded to immigration by calling for Americanization and eschewing the nativist bigotry that might have led to immigration restriction. Citing immigration advocate John Miller, Barone praises the wisdom of early 20th-century "elite" presidents who refused to restrict immigration. "Americanization, they felt, was the appropriate solution, and they saw the process as a mutually beneficial one."

There are problems with these arguments. If WASP America, in Barone's account, was a place where "ferocious bigotry" was unleashed on immigrants and where European Jews "found a country where their faith carried civic disabilities but where it made them objects of prejudice and discrimination," why did the same country hesitate to restrict immigration? In fact, it *did* restrict immigration several times in the 1920's, acts that might be viewed from Barone's perspective as aberrations caused by nativist outbursts—though the restrictions were supported by recent immigrants and Samuel Gompers' American Federation of Labor. And despite his complaints against WASP bigotry, Barone repeatedly insists that "we've been here before" and that we are "forgetting our history" when we imagine that "America suddenly and for the first time has become a multicultural nation."

Part of the reason for Barone's insistence that the *ancien régime* created a multicultural society is that he confuses "multicultural" with "multiethnic." Multi-

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ethnic regimes have existed in the past but have usually begun as, or turned into, empires. Republics, by contrast, have required a higher degree of cohesion to allow for effective self-rule. In such polities, people must command themselves as an extended community rather than take orders from an emperor or from public administrators. While a sophisticated awareness of the distinction may have eluded WASP elites, they did consider the newcomers as culturally and even morally alien to the American people. Only when the WASP establishment became thoroughly decrepit did it move on, with the help of immigrant populations, to espouse present-day "multiculturalism." An ideology described by Barone himself as a prescription for Western suicide, it is clearly not the multiculturalism he identifies with. But what Barone looks back to is more of an ideal than a reality.

That world is no longer realizable: Accelerating multiethnicity, guilt-ridden or opportunistic politicians, and demographic trends have moved us politically and socially beyond the situation that Barone would like to see prevail. Contrary to his stated hope, there is no evidence that present American elites are changing their views about "the basic goodness and decency of American institutions," if that means traditional attitudes regarding limited government. It is one thing to value institutions, as Hitler did the Weimar constitution, as window-dressing for a sociopolitical revolution. It is another thing entirely to appreciate them as checks upon human appetites and an overreaching central state. Why, in any case, should Central American immigrants arriving here legally or illegally (legal status being presently a distinction without a difference) request, or even accept, an Americanizing education? Their perception of who developed that education is exactly Barone's: It was the work of a prejudiced elite that we have (fortunately) jettisoned. Besides, the "new Americans" are entering a truly multicultural society in which even Republican presidents hasten to shower quotas and set-asides on "Hispanics." Why should these beneficiaries of ethnic favors surrender their privileged position, particularly when they hold the electoral balance in major states?

Other questions arise from reading Barone's brief on behalf of the "new Americans." (Presenting blacks under this rubric is so ludicrous that it is best to ignore the semantic issue.) Was the prejudice besetting American society before the Great Enlightenment in the 60's mostly or entirely the fault of Anglo-Saxon Protestants? Having (like Barone) grown up in a Northern industrial city in the 1950's, I do not recall a single ethnic clash or incident of ethnic name-calling that involved a WASP. The first time that I encountered large numbers of Protestants of Northern European extraction was as a student at Yale. Although these classmates had white-bread personalities and were far less animated than those who attended Bridgeport high schools, they were also more civil. The same is true of all the WASP populations I have sojourned among since then.

Barone has foolish things to say in trying to make the "new Americans" look like the older ones. His comparison of Latinos and Italian-Americans understates the behavioral differences between them. While Italian immigrants and their progeny did not have children out of wedlock, avoided welfare like the plague, and never treated the United States as part of *Italia irredenta*, Latinos offer a vastly different group profile. Barone would do well to read the articles of Steve Sailer on the prettification of Latino immigrants undertaken by pro-immigration advocates. While he may choose to place some of the blame for both the seamy side of Latino *barrio* life and the current antiwhite Latino nationalism on American political enablers, that does not change the objective situation: Latinos are behaviorally different from the Southern Italians who settled in American cities in the early part of the last century. Perhaps these earlier immigrants would have behaved more like present-day Latinos had political elites and WASP presidents slobbered over them a century ago. But that is not the way it happened, and the difference in political climate must be taken into account in considering America's ability to absorb Third World immigrants.

By the end of his text, Barone is falling over himself to prove that "we've been here before." Indeed, "there is no greater biological difference between the minority groups and other Americans of today than there was between the immigrant groups and other Americans of a hundred years ago." The real difference between the two eras comes down to this: "There is far less overt bigotry and discrimination in the early twenty-first century than in the early twentieth." Obviously, the noisy, incessant outbursts directed by minority spokespeople against the rest of us do not constitute "overt bigotry." Furthermore, it is absurd to declare that a society in which whites are becoming a minority is racially the same as it was a hundred years ago. For all of Barone's talk about WASPs carrying non-Caucasoid blood, there is a telling difference between being an Oklahoman with a Cherokee grandmother and being a Mexican of Aztec descent in California.

Barone's empty assertions remind me of a book, published in 1998 by *Le Monde*, which claimed to contextualize the cataclysmic immigration of North African Muslims into France. Although the foreign-born in France, predominantly non-Europeans, amounted in that year to about eight percent of the total population, the author, Philippe Bernard, warned against excessive concern. A similar figure can be found for the 1930's, when Eastern and Central Europeans were fleeing from the Nazi and Soviet empires and from the lands in between. What Bernard and *Le Monde* do not remark is even more pertinent. The *émigrés* of the 30's were European and mostly Christian. But Eastern European Jews who fled to France and who were mostly on the political left did suffer from antisemitic attitudes. More importantly, however, none of these *émigrés* demanded that France transform itself into a multicultural society and discipline those Frenchmen who did not show sufficient reverence for non-Western minorities. In the 30's, the French government did not jail Frenchmen for publishing unfriendly articles about immigration or about Muslim attitudes toward constitutional government. Moreover, violent crime, except for the riots unleashed by political extremists, was not a social problem in France. By now, the *banlieues* of large French cities have become grim replicas of Bedford-Sty. An insufferably smarmy piece in the *New York Post* (August 22) announced that French crime, which is up almost ten percent this year, has surpassed the American rate. The *Post* blames this fact on French inattentiveness to the American way of fighting crime: "a combination of better and smarter policing, incarceration, decreased public and official tolerance of nuisance crimes and more efficient courts." Would anyone care to suggest in this instance the "something that is missing"?

c

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Operation Futility

by Jonathan Ellis

Killing Pablo: The Hunt for the World's Greatest Outlaw
by Mark Bowden
New York: The Atlantic Monthly Press; 296 pp., $25.00

◆

Mark Bowden was interviewing a retired U.S. military officer for his book *Black Hawk Down* when a framed photograph caught his eye. In it, a group of jubilant soldiers posed around the corpse of a bloody, fat man. Curious, Bowden asked about the picture. "That, my friend, is Pablo Escobar," the officer said to Bowden. "I keep that on my wall to remind me that no matter how rich you get in this life, you can still be too big for your britches."

Bowden realized he had just stumbled onto something big. Here was a picture of the just-slain Pablo Escobar in the possession of a retired U.S. military officer. Obviously, the United States had been a lot more active in hunting down the Colombian drug lord than most people knew. Bowden spent the next few years unearthing the story. His book, *Killing Pablo*, is an exciting and informative piece of investigative journalism that raises troubling questions about America's use of covert forces throughout the world.

Colombia's cocaine-trafficking pioneers were not like Pablo Escobar; rather, according to Bowden, they were "playboys, relatively well educated Colombians who considered themselves fashionable and smart." But as the popularity of cocaine soared in the United States, the playboys began to make a lot of money. "Whenever that much money is being made illegally," writes Bowden, "it attracts sharks." When Escobar elbowed into the cocaine business, he was already well known in Medellin as a vicious street thug. After the local cocaine chief in Medellin turned up murdered, the playboy traffickers were amazed to find that they now worked for Pablo Escobar.

In short order, Escobar and his Medellin cartel were running Colombia's cocaine business. Escobar

> oversaw their delivery routes, exacting a tax on every kilo shipped. It was pure muscle, an old-fashioned syndicate, but the result was to create for the first time a unified and streamlined cocaine industry.

Solidifying the business also meant spreading seeds of corruption. Judges, politicians, and the police could either accept Escobar's bribes, or they could die with their principles.

If Escobar's rise sounds like an echo from America's Prohibition past, it should. With the use of a profitable but illegal substance as his ladder, Escobar murdered and bribed his way to the top. Escobar, however, outdistanced his Prohibition-era ancestors—with the possible exception of the Kennedy family—by miles and miles. By the 1980's, Escobar was not only rich, he was Bill Gates rich, his status affirmed by *Forbes*, which ranked him among the ten wealthiest men in the world. And, in 1982, Escobar won a seat in Colombia's congress as a substitute delegate. He was, as they say, The Man.

Bowden does not spend much time retracing Escobar's ascendancy, which works fine. It only takes a few dozen pages to persuade readers that Escobar was a revolting human being, a pervert with a Caligulan sexual appetite, and a beast who relied on murder the way a pitcher relies on his fast ball. For those of us ignorant of Colombian history, Bowden includes a brief section on Colombia's tradition of nurturing violence and outlaws, and Escobar's place within that tradition.

Had it not been for America's hardening stance toward drugs in the 1980's, Escobar might still be alive: McDonald's-obese, ordering teenage prostitutes the way we order pizza for delivery. Cocaine was fashionable in the United States, but we were officially at war against drugs and just saying "no." Remorseful yuppies took to the airwaves in anti-drug commercials, sharing stories of how they lost their families, homes, and BMWs to the evil white powder. It was all so terrible, and men like Pablo Escobar were to blame. Under Presidents Reagan and Bush, the United States began strong-arming Colombia to stop the drug lords from corrupting our people.

Colombia, or at least those parts of the country not on Escobar's payroll, reluctantly went to war against the Medellin cartel. It soon became obvious that Escobar's money had corrupted the nation's institutions. The poor revered him as a hero fighting to overthrow Colombia's class system, and, Bowden reports, Escobar even enjoyed the support of many in the Catholic Church. Those who turned down Escobar's money faced assassination. Thousands (including judges, politicians, journalists, and police officers) were murdered while the manhunt for Escobar dragged on. Three of five presidential candidates in the 1989 election were assassinated, and a fourth escaped after the jetliner he was supposed to be riding in was blown out of the sky. More than a hundred innocent people died in that attack.

Clearly, Colombia could not subdue the monster without help. Had the United States been asked, enlightened thinkers here probably would have suggested that we parachute the 82nd Airborne division into Colombia to root out the drug lords. But Colombia was a land buzzing with anti-American sentiment, and President Bush was limited, at first, to sending hundreds of millions of dollars in aid and, later, to dispatching a gaggle of covert forces.

Bowden's sketch of the U.S. armada used to track Escobar is one of the more humorous sections of *Killing Pablo*. As the Cold War was winding down, every U.S. agency that had relied on the communist menace for funding was now scrambling to find new enemies and more money. Drug lords, it seems, suited their needs.

> Every direction-finding, surveillance, and imagery team in the arsenal descended on Medellin. The air force sent RC-135s, C-130s adapted for sophisticated imagery, U-2s and SR-71s. The navy sent P-3 spy planes. The CIA, which already had its own two-prop De Havilland over Colombia, now sent Schweizer, a remarkable machine that looked like a big glider and could stay silently aloft over a target for hours on end. . . . There were so many American spy planes over Medellin, at one point seventeen in the air together, that the air force had to assign an AWACs, an airborne warning-and-control center, to keep track of them.

Escobar met his end on December 2, 1993, gunned down as he fled one of his Medellin hideouts. A DEA agent took a photograph of the kill, the same photograph that piqued Bowden's interest. Of-

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ficially, Colombian police killed Escobar. But there will always be questions about who was or wasn't there on that final day. According to Bowden, some on hand say U.S. Delta Force operatives were at the scene; others say it was simply a Colombian operation. U.S. Special Forces had spent months training Colombia's police in the techniques of manhunting. For them, Escobar's demise meant success. But in terms of U.S. policy goals, it meant nothing. Escobar's death killed the Medellin cartel, but the Cali cartel stepped into the breach, and the drugs continued to flow north.

As an investigative journalist, Bowden had a responsibility to dig up the facts and tell a good story. By those standards, *Killing Pablo* is indisputably a journalistic success. There remain, however, plenty of questions for readers to ponder.

America's ravenous appetite for cocaine, combined with its prohibition of the substance, created monsters like Pablo Escobar. Had circumstances been different, Escobar might never have been known outside of Medellin. As it was, he became a threat to democracy and justice. The Americans who hunted Escobar, Bowden writes, knew that bringing him down would have no impact on the amount of drugs going north. Thus, our frontline troops in the drug war realized they were losing, even as they beat Escobar. In fact, the campaign against Escobar probably exacerbated the drug problem. While the hunt was on, members of the Cali cartel gladly assisted in bringing down Escobar's Medellin cartel, whose destruction helped Cali burrow deeper into Colombia's institutions.

The men who hunted Escobar justified their mission as an effort to weed out a disgusting human, a man who had grown too big for his britches. But targeting objectionable individuals, whether they be drug lords or terrorists, is purely symbolic. Humanity is cursed with a vast supply of men like Escobar—too many to kill one at a time. From one angle, *Killing Pablo* is the exciting story of the hunt for a human pig. From another, it's the story of one more U.S. foreign-policy blunder.

Jonathan Ellis writes from Denver.

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Cast-Iron Man

by Carey M. Roberts

Calhoun and Popular Rule: The Political Theory of the *Disquisition* and *Discourse*
by H. Lee Cheek
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 202 pp., $29.95

◆

John C. Calhoun is perhaps the most hated historical figure in modern America. There may be others who offer more succinct and intuitive criticisms of America's institutional decay; many have led stronger movements for reform and challenged the ruling establishment in ways more forceful than he did. But in the scholarly world, where historians and political scientists are more obsessed with race and sex than were their historical subjects, Calhoun is vilified as the champion of the Southern planter class. An example of modern opinion can be found in any American history textbook, where Calhoun's photograph, taken on the brink of his death in 1850, lurks like a hideous, horned devil—the culmination of an evil that must be purged from the body politic. (Calhoun hated that picture.)

It is refreshing, then, to find a new book on Calhoun in which the author appreciates the man not just for his political presence in antebellum America but for his philosophical acuity as well. H. Lee Cheek's *Calhoun and Popular Rule* explains Calhoun's political philosophy, which was grounded in a realistic appraisal of the country's merits and weaknesses. Calhoun's philosophy of government, Cheek contends, "should be understood as a reflective journey towards recovering genuine popular rule amidst the national crisis" of the mid-19th century.

Calhoun and Popular Rule explains many key facets of Calhoun's political theory: its roots in the European tradition of subsidiarity; its place within a broader South Atlantic context; the use of the plantation as a symbol of organic community; and its basis in the Declaration as well as the Constitution. Cheek recommends we read Calhoun through the lens of the Jeffersonian or (as he phrases it) South Atlantic political tradition as expounded by the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 and the Virginia Report of 1800. At first glance, this seems questionable, given the importance of Jacksonian politics in shaping Calhoun's thought. However, on closer inspection, Cheek's framework proves helpful. Like Clyde Wilson before him, Cheek calls Calhoun the last of the Founders; an equally credible assessment, however, would be to view him as the last Jeffersonian.

Integral to Calhoun's understanding was the Aristotelian and Christian belief that man is a social creature, born not in a mythical state of nature but dependent upon others for his life and sustenance. People, being incapable of doing everything for themselves, have to seek assistance from other people.

Calhoun advocated a kind of individualism through the back door, where individual are best protected within a solid, organic community. There is no room for equality within these communities, because equality eliminates mutual dependence. If all people were the same, they simply would not need each other, and the community would fall apart.

Calhoun denied the possibility of atomistic individualism, except as a figment of social-contract theorists' imagination. His argument, however, did not claim diversity to be impossible; it is merely to be found in differing communities rather than in individuals. Calhoun feared these communities would gradually move closer together, causing some to forget their essential differences and to accept themselves as representative of all the rest.

Societal pressure can thus lead to a deterioration of liberty. For those within the South Atlantic republican tradition, "consolidation" implied more than just a political problem; it was a social, intellectual, and, indeed, spiritual concern of the utmost importance. Without social institutions to restrain consolidation, liberty would be lost. Calhoun located the source of restraint in family, an historically based education, and tradition, or what he called "habit." Restraint is both personal and political, since it involves protecting personal and communal interests from the distractions of modern life. A stable organic community—one that supports the common good—encourages protection of personal interests while promoting the good of the community. Defending your interests necessarily means defending the social institution in which

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you live.

Calhoun found a lack of restraint in various places, but nowhere more than in the demagogic style of politics popular in mid-19th-century America, as politicians encouraged Americans to sacrifice their personal and communal interests to an abstract union and abstract rights. Calhoun deplored the prospect of the United States becoming an undifferentiated mass or a nation composed of millions of self-contained individuals. Both extremes, he thought, must be moderated by popular rule.

Cheek explains Calhoun's understanding of popular rule through an important instance in then-Vice President Calhoun's career. Presiding over a bitter senatorial contest involving John Randolph of Roanoke, Calhoun refused to call Randolph to order during a speech deemed derogatory of President John Quincy Adams. When administration forces attacked Calhoun in the public press, he replied with a series of newspaper articles written under the pseudonym "Onslow." Calhoun argued that his position as president of the Senate did not involve any intrinsic power—only that which the Senate expressly delegated. His opponent, using the name "Patrick Henry," argued that a source of power must possess any and all means necessary for its self-preservation. Calhoun believed such reasoning denied the people of their continuing possession of legitimate power. But when "Patrick Henry" wrote that the people's capacity to elect the right person limited the abuse of political power, Calhoun responded that we must do more than change the officer; we must reform the office.

Calhoun chose not to place his faith in electing the right man to office but in seeking a diffusion of power to match the cultural and economic diversity of the people. As Cheek points out, Calhoun believed the survival of the federal regime depended upon the proper restraint of its powers. Each branch of government must assume responsibility for its own prerogatives and not interfere with those of others. This rule applied in state-federal relations as well. A state should not assume its unique interests were supreme and then use federal power to further those interests at the expense of other states.

Calhoun's strategy, which he believed the American political tradition endorsed, required the protection of minorities so that true majority rule would not be thwarted by those building temporary coalitions among disaffected groups. It also included a recognition that homogenous majorities, the kind that make democracies stable, could never materialize in a country as diverse as the United States—except on the local level. Calhoun shared this belief with previous generations, including many Antifederalists, who believed republican forms of government could not exist in the United States because national majorities could never form.

In some respect, *Calhoun and Popular Rule* raises more questions than it answers. If human beings are naturally social, seeking to build social units, how can political authority be prevented from migrating too far from local control? If Calhoun was correct, family creation naturally leads to other forms of community building, which increase one's obligations. In turn, people seem unwilling to accept all of their duties; instead, they choose the ones they wish to fulfill. Many exercise their responsibility to larger social institutions at the expense of local ones.

Radical localists and states'-rights advocates challenged the varied forces causing the shift in responsibility, not the least

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of which were national political parties. Because American parties are always coalitions, obtaining national political power requires enlarging the issues over which the parties fight. Instead of pushing political discourse downward, parties move issues up to the uncontrollable stage of national politics. Calhoun's associates in the Southern states'-rights movement fell into a similar trap. While claiming the United States was a compilation of many communities within a federal system, they assumed the states existed as homogenous wholes. Eventually, they came to view sectionalism as the heart of national issues.

Calhoun stood apart from his contemporaries, hearkening back to the Jeffersonian tradition. Like Jefferson, John Randolph, and John Taylor, Calhoun blamed most of the country's national problems not entirely on sectionalism, but on the conflict between the great body of producers and on minorities using political power at the majority's expense. Thomas Jefferson never assumed that everyone in the North stood against his brand of republicanism, and neither did Calhoun. Both men believed the culprit to be misguided party leaders. The nationalist fervor and thrill of party politics, whether under John Adams' Federalists or Henry Clay's Whigs, acted as a "flight from principles" rather than a rational means of political discernment. As Calhoun declared in 1841,

> It was much to be regretted that the all absorbing question among the people was, not whether great fundamental principles should be established or overthrown, but who should be President.

Cheek asks us to reconsider Calhoun, if only to find solutions to our present predicaments. Like Calhoun, he believes that

> republican government must consist of more than the flux of voting and interest coalitions, political parties struggling to possess the "honors and emoluments" associated with patronage, and the pursuit of power.

Through the *Disquisition* and the *Discourse*, Calhoun was instrumental in passing on the legacy of Jeffersonian republicanism and popular rule to his generation. H. Lee Cheek offers one step in passing Calhoun's legacy on to ours.

Carey M. Roberts is an assistant professor of history at Arkansas Tech University.

Sheep in Sheep's Clothing

by Scott Lahti

Nation of Cowards: Essays on the Ethics of Gun Control
by Jeff Snyder
St. Louis: Accurate Press; 174 pp., $24.95

◆

Jeff Snyder's title essay, originally published in 1993 in the *Public Interest*, provoked *Newsweek* columnist George F. Will to rush into print with well-timed second thoughts about his own earlier suggestion that the Second Amendment be repealed. The essay soon became a regulation piece in the well-stocked armories of hundreds of pro-gun websites.

Crime is rampant, Snyder writes,

> because the law-abiding, each of us, condone it, excuse it, permit it, submit to it. We permit and encourage it because we do not fight back, immediately, then and there, where it happens. Crime is not rampant because we do not have enough prisons, because judges and prosecutors are too soft, because the police are hamstrung with absurd technicalities. The defect is there, in our character. We are a nation of cowards and shirkers . . . Most people readily believe that the existence of the police relieves them of the responsibility to take full measures to protect themselves. . . . If, however, you understand that crime can occur at anywhere, anytime, and if you understand that you can be maimed or mortally wounded in mere seconds, you may wish to consider whether you are willing to place the responsibility for safeguarding your life in the hands of others. . . . How can you rightfully ask another human being to risk his life to protect yours when you will assume no responsibility yourself? . . . If you believe it reprehensible to possess the means and will to use lethal force to repel a criminal assault, how can you call upon another to do so for you?

In the 15 essays that follow, Snyder analyzes the delusions underlying the victim-disarmament movement. In an address entitled "The Ethics of the Right to Keep and Bear Arms," Snyder has his audience conduct mental exercises designed to illuminate the illogic underlying the arguments that urge capitulation to criminals. Since, for reasons of personal safety, authorities counsel accession to criminals' demands, why should we object to a law prohibiting *any* resistance whatever on the part of the victim, if it could thereby guarantee that all such encounters would be injury-free? Snyder's rebuke is characteristically pungent:

> [W]hy should criminals respect our lives or our liberty, when we ourselves do not value them highly enough to assume the responsibility to defend them, and do not hold them worth fighting for? . . . [W]hy, if the criminal is not to be met with immediate, outraged resistance, would a criminal believe that what he is doing is *actually wrong*? Because laws make it so? Then his crime is solely against the state, not against the person of the victim.

Snyder scrutinizes the creation of new classes of crimes against the state for the purpose of *preventing* crimes against citizens. Passing laws prohibiting acts that are not inherently wrong (buying or selling a gun across state lines, or without a waiting period; owning a military-style "assault rifle") in the attempt to prevent actual crimes to which they may eventually be linked is a process which, by denying any need for responsibility or self-control on the part of the public, embodies an inner logic that has no rational end-point.

We live in a time when millions among us have grown accustomed to thinking the hitherto unthinkable, to shedding the fond illusion that "it can't happen here," and to wondering what, precisely, the political conditions are that would justify organized armed resistance to a tyrannical government.

In his final essay, "The Line in the Sand," Snyder focuses on his deepest concern—the character and ethos of the

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American people—to answer this question. Drawing upon classical republican wisdom, he offers a reply that is as prudent in counsel as it is disturbing in diagnosis: Only when the body of the people as a whole has awakened to the full extent of the usurpations and injustices perpetrated among them does armed resistance become anything more than suicidal martyrdom. In a time when sheep-like contentment and dependence on the total state are matched by a willful blindness before eroded liberties, we need to admit that we are nowhere near that point, and we must concentrate instead upon educating and forging links with our fellow citizens, persuading the open minds among us, and mounting challenges in the courts to laws that deny our constitutional liberties.

Scott Lahti writes from Colorado.

The Boys in the Back Room

by J.O. Tate

Selected Letters of Dashiell Hammett, 1921-1960
edited by Richard Layman with Julie W. Rivett
Washington, D.C.: Counterpoint; 672 pp., $40.00

The Raymond Chandler Papers: Selected Letters and Nonfiction, 1909-1959
edited by Tom Hiney and Frank MacShane
New York: Atlantic Monthly Press; 267 pp., $25.00

◆

If you are looking for literary reflections or information about the intentions of the author of *Red Harvest*, *The Maltese Falcon*, and *The Glass Key*, forget about it. There is precious little of that in Dashiell Hammett's letters. If you are looking for insight into the character of the enigmatic Dashiell Hammett, you won't find much of that, either. And if you are looking for a good read—wit, writing, truths—then you will find the letters of Dashiell Hammett about two egg rolls short of a pu pu platter.

These letters are mostly innocuous—gossipy, affectionate, sometimes ruefully funny. But there is no spark that can kindle them into something beyond themselves. Hammett seems to have been happy only in some sort of martyrdom, joining the Army again at the age of 48 and serving mostly as a journalist in the Aleutians, or going to jail because he bucked authority during the McCarthy episode. His is a sad story, mostly about boredom and writer's block and alcoholism and sexual chaos, but nothing makes it an interesting one. Actually, it is when Hammett himself is most interested that he is most boring. What else would you expect from a communist? Ideology of his sort required a lobotomy of a kind, and that self-inflicted wound may be what killed him as a writer.

Sure, a writer can write badly sometimes, but there are some aberrations that indicate not only a tin ear, but a tin brain. Hammett's sermonettes on Marxism, addressed to his daughter, Mary, are appalling in themselves and, as instruction to the young, disgusting—rather like the banal letters of the Rosenbergs. The combination of willed stupidity and smarmy complacency is utterly repellent:

> Our aid to Russia is still being slowed up by pressure of the Catholic Church, but Roosevelt's quotation from the Soviet Constitution yesterday to show that they have the same sort of religious freedom as we may do some good there. It at least shows that he hasn't yet knuckled under to the church as he did during the Spanish Revolution [October 1, 1941].

When was the last time you saw that many fallacies in two sentences? George Orwell suggested that anyone who could write such piffle was a party hack and no writer at all. Only a decade before, Hammett had immortalized himself; now, he sounded like a crude propagandist. The story is notable, but that doesn't make reading it rewarding.

On the other hand, reading Chandler is always rewarding, not so much for what he says as for the way he says it. Chandler was a writer with his own sound, his own rhythm and phrasing. His letters are so much fun that I have sometimes thought that they are his best pages. Chandler's letters have been gathered before, in *Raymond Chandler Speaking* (1962 and 1977), more extensively in MacShane's *Selected Letters* (1981), and sparsely in a Library of America edition (1995). Early works were gathered in Bruccoli's *Chandler Before Marlowe* (1973), still others in MacShane's *The Notebooks of Raymond Chandler and English Summer by Raymond Chandler* (1976). What we have here is a thinned-out version of the 1981 collection with some additions, such as Chandler's hitherto unpublished piece on Lucky Luciano, that do not represent the author at his best. To have all the Chandler there is, you need to have all the books cited. So there is a sense in which this latest collection is a disappointment.

But there is another sense—the sense of reading itself—in which this collection is delightful. Nothing else quite compares to Chandler on a riff. He knows how to build the rhythm and get to a climax.

> Television is really what we've been looking for all our lives. It took a certain amount of effort to go to the movies. Somebody had to stay with the kids. You had to get the car out of the garage. That was hard work. And you had to drive and park. Sometimes you had to walk as far as half a block to the theater. Then people with big fat heads would sit in front of you and make you nervous . . . Radio was a lot better, but there wasn't anything to look at. Your gaze wandered around the room and you might start thinking of other things—things you didn't want to think about. You had to use a little imagination to build yourself a picture of what was going on just by the sound. But television's perfect. You turn a few knobs and lean back and drain your mind of all thought. And there you are watching the bubbles in the primeval ooze. You don't have to concentrate. You don't have to react. You don't have to remember. You don't miss your brain because you don't need it. Your heart and liver and lungs continue to function normally. Apart from that all is peace and quiet. You are in poor man's nirvana. And if some nasty-minded person comes along and says you look more like a fly on a can of garbage, pay him no mind . . . just who should one be mad at anyway? Did you think the advertising agen-

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cies created vulgarity and the moronic mind that accepts it? To me television is just one more facet of that considerable segment of our civilization that never had any standard but the soft buck [November 22, 1950].

Right. And as long as Raymond Chandler makes with what he called the "magic" and the "music," he will always have an audience. Chandler respected what Hammett had accomplished in fiction, but he wouldn't have liked his letters any better than they deserve.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

A Life in Sketches

by Bill Croke

Travels With My Royal:
A Memoir of the Writing Life
by Robert Laxalt
Reno and Las Vegas:
University of Nevada Press;
216 pp., $21.95

◆

If Nevada can be said to have a first family equivalent to the Kennedys of Massachusetts, that family is the Laxalts. This immigrant Basque clan of a century's residence has given America a U.S. senator (Paul Laxalt, now retired) and a poet laureate, Paul's late brother Robert, who turned the Basques' experience of the West into literature.

Robert Laxalt (1923-2001) was born in Alturas, California, the last of six children of Dominique and Therese Laxalt, immigrants who hustled through the Depression by everything from bootlegging to sheep ranching to the operation of the small Basque Hotel in Carson City, Nevada. Laxalt grew up there in a Norman Rockwell West, haunting the local pool hall as well as the public library, surrounded by a busy ranching economy and its colorful characters. He herded sheep with his father and uncles, attended the University of Nevada at Reno, and worked as a UPI reporter covering state government in Carson City. Since Carson City is Nevada's capital, the author was, from an early age, acutely aware of the political and cultural life of his state. Brother Paul used this political awareness and familiarity as a springboard to a national political career that eventually made him a close confidant of President Ronald Reagan. Robert also derived much of his writerly material from it.

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Working in both fiction and nonfiction, Laxalt devoted 17 books—notably *Sweet Promised Land* (1957) and *A Man in the Wheatfield* (1964)—and numerous articles to the Basque culture in the West and its European antecedent. He had a long tenure as a *National Geographic* correspondent, crafting pieces about the West, especially the Basque sheepherders of the Great Basin, and he was nominated for two Pulitzer Prizes for the novels *A Cup of Tea in Pamplona* (1985) and *The Basque Hotel* (1989). Laxalt's last book (he died in March) was *Travels With My Royal: A Memoir of the Writing Life*. The "Royal" was the typewriter Laxalt's mother had bought for her children to compose the themes they were assigned in school. Laxalt employed this venerable machine to the end, as he traveled the world and churned out his books. The volume, set in large print and running to 216 pages, is a collection of 32 short vignettes with such titles as "Bootlegging Days," "Sheepherding Days," "Pool Hall Days," and "Reporting Days" (a literary tip of the hat to H.L. Mencken's famous *Days* trilogy).

There are certainly a great number of days in a 77-year life; the problem is that Laxalt is not much given to detail in recording them. These biographical snapshots are shallow and replete with cardboard characters, even when they happen to be Laxalt's own flesh and blood. The author seems to be using these bare sketches to show off his terse prose style, as if he were a high-school kid trying to win an essay contest.

Clearly, Laxalt's understated style owes much to Ernest Hemingway, whom Laxalt mentions a couple of times along the way. The following passage from the sketch entitled "Abodes" (about a trip to France to research and write a book) could almost have been lifted from Hemingway's posthumously published *A Moveable Feast*, a memoir of his Parisian apprenticeship days:

> It was winter, the villa was cold and bare, and the kitchen facilities were primitive. The only heat was from a lone fireplace. The villa was cynically named "Esker Ona," meaning "Good Thanks" in Basque. We promptly renamed it "No Thanks" and went looking for another abode. . . . Warming my fingers over the steam rising from my coffee cup proved unsatisfactory, so Joyce improvised a solution. She bought a pair of flannel gloves and cut off the fingers halflength. That solved my problem, except for the days when the cold froze my typewriter keys.

All that's missing from Hemingway (apart from the distinctive prose) is a warm café with cheap wine.

This is not to deny *Travels With My Royal* its charms. There are amusing stories about *National Geographic*'s fact-checking regimen, which went so far as sending fact-checkers abroad to do on-site research; the over-a-cliff wreck of a mule train packing into the Grand Canyon, with the wranglers comically striving to save the beer; and (in the vignette "My Two Uncle Petes"), some fine character sketches of several of Laxalt's more colorful relatives. There are also periodic passages of fine writing. Here, Laxalt contemplates the West of his father's generation through the elder man's eyes:

> And suddenly before me I saw the West rising up at dawn with an awesome vastness of deserts and mighty mountain ranges. I saw a band of sheep wending their way down a lonely mountain ravine of sagebrush and pine, and I smelled their dust and heard their muted bleating and the lovely tinkle of their bells. I saw a man in crude garb with a walking stick following after his dog, and once he paused to mark the way of the land. Then I saw a cragged face that that land had filled with hope and torn with pain, had changed from young to old and in the end had claimed. And then I did know it.

Bill Croke writes from Cody, Wyoming.

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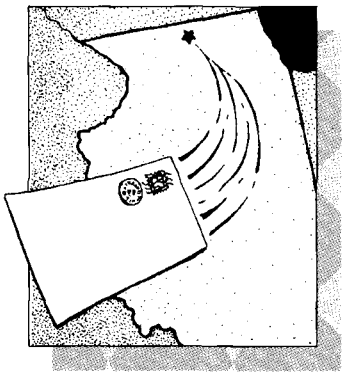
Letter From Rockford

by Scott P. Richert

Just Another Tequila Sunrise



It may be several years before the results of Census 2000 are available in any usable form, but certain trends have already begun to emerge from the raw data. Most significantly, as Chilton Williamson, Jr., and Roger McGrath have pointed out earlier in this issue, the Hispanic population in the United States continues to grow at a phenomenal rate—and that trend seems to have been magnified here in Rockford. For the first time in decades, Rockford's population has risen—a remarkable occurrence in a city that has weathered severe economic storms and a decade-long desegregation lawsuit, which pushed our property taxes to the highest in the country.

Even more remarkable is the fact that almost all of the growth can be attributed to the change in our Hispanic population. In 1990, Rockford had 139,426 residents; by 2000, that number had climbed to 150,115, an increase of 7.7 percent. In raw numbers, Rockford's population grew by 10,689 residents; the Hispanic population exploded from 5,210 to 15,278, a 193-percent increase, accounting for 94 percent of Rockford's total population growth.

For the first time in decades, Rockford's population density seems to have increased—which would not necessarily have been a bad thing, if population had stayed constant or fallen. Rockford has engaged in a land grab over the last several decades, gobbling up unincorporated areas of Winnebago County—usually farmland or forest. As the strip malls, chain restaurants, and tree-less subdivisions brimming with vinyl-sided ranches have eaten up our open spaces, population density has fallen steadily, from 4,309 people per square mile in 1970 to 3,105 per square mile in 1990. Though libertarian advocates of paving the earth would undoubtedly try, it is hard to argue that our quality of life has increased as Rockford's centers of commerce and industry have moved farther away from the center of our population, which, despite the expansion of the city's limits, still lies relatively close to the historic downtown.

In other words, the last decade may have been the worst of both worlds for Rockford, as city government has expanded its services into formerly open spaces (and raised taxes in order to do so), while population density has risen in the older districts of the city—which, as a result of our past several mayors' fixation on new development, have been more or less neglected. Barring a significant drop in Hispanic immigration, the prospects for the future do not look much better.

Why has the Hispanic population of Rockford increased so dramatically? Some of the growth can be attributed, of course, to the general increase in the Hispanic population of the United States, and some, undoubtedly, has occurred because of our proximity to Chicago, which has been a popular destination for Hispanic immigrants. As with so many other issues here in Rockford, however, the growth of the Hispanic population is also inextricably tied to the desegregation suit against the Rockford School District.

When a group of parents calling themselves "People Who Care" first filed the case back in 1989, they had a very specific goal: the reopening of Rockford's West High School. They were also concerned about a general disparity in funding between schools on Rockford's poorer west side and schools on the rapidly expanding east side. The case can be said to have broken along class lines, but certainly not racial ones: Sixty percent of the students at West High were white. People Who Care made the mistake of hiring Bob Howard, a Chicago attorney, who turned the case into a federal class-action desegregation suit. Forced busing and court-ordered taxes soon followed.

Rhetorically, the Rockford schools case has followed traditional paths, with most of the discussion focused on raising the test scores of black students and busing white ones. But—although the discrimination allegedly occurred largely during the 1960's and 70's—Hispanics were also placed in the plaintiff class, despite the fact that, by the time of the lawsuit, there were still only 1,226 Hispanic students in a district of close to 30,000, and Hispanics made up a mere 3.7 percent of Rockford's population.

Despite the black-and-white rhetoric surrounding the case, much effort and money were spent on programs purportedly designed to help Hispanic students. Rockford now has an extensive Spanish/English bilingual program—although, at least at the crown jewel of the program (the Barbour Two-Way Language Immersion Magnet School), the emphasis is mostly on Spanish: The Rockford School District's website (*www.rps205.com*) notes that kindergarten students at Barbour receive 90 percent of their instruction in Spanish. By the fifth to eighth grades, classroom time is supposed to be divided equally between English and Spanish.

With the district providing extensive (and expensive) programs for Hispanic students, it is not surprising that their number has increased 200 percent over the past ten years, from 1,226 in 1990 to 3,678 in 2000. (Black enrollment, by contrast, has increased about 38 percent.) Obviously, much of the increase in Hispanic enrollment is the result of immigration to Rockford (not just births to Hispanics who are already here), but the influences run both ways: Some of the immigration was undoubtedly driven by the expansion of programs for Hispanics.

While the desegregation lawsuit is supposed to come to an end on June 30, 2002, formerly court-mandated programs for Hispanic students are unlikely to disappear. Ironically, those who are concerned about the balkanization of our school district and skyrocketing expenses may find support from some Hispanic parents who, as school-board member Stephanie Caltagerone points out, are disturbed by the amount of time their children spend in Spanish-language instruction. Still, unless and until the southern border of the United States becomes a little less permeable, the question of bilingual education will never be resolved. c

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Letter From Indonesia

by Doug Bandow

Modern Religious Wars

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The weathered boatman peered out at the three Westerners as we climbed into a small water taxi to cross the bay from the city of Ambon to the airport. "You're from America? Send us arms. The Muslims are bad." He used his hands to indicate a rifle as we pulled away from shore.

Ambon, the provincial capital of the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, is now largely quiet. The city is blanketed with police and military units, which have suppressed most intercommunal violence. The remains of war are present everywhere, however. A few blocks from our hotel, street barricades separate Christian and Muslim sections of town.

You venture into enemy territory at your peril. While returning from Muslim territory, our interpreter, a Christian hotel manager named Theny Barlola, mentioned that it was the first time he had been in that area in three years. He initially hesitated to accompany us, exclaiming: "If I go, they will kill me, they will take me away." But he relented when the Muslim authorities sent a van for us.

Between the sections lie several blocks of no man's land, ruined buildings that once housed Christians and Muslims, as well as a thriving Chinese business district. The remains of gutted two- and three-story buildings stand as silent sentinels. Bits of wall surround the debris of war: rusty corrugated roofing, dented dishes, skeletons of sewing machines, burned motorbikes, bent bed frames, weathered chairs, shattered bricks.

Many people, especially in outlying villages, have ended up in refugee camps. They rely on outside organizations for help—for instance, Christian Freedom International (CFI), which has provided construction tools and fishing equipment. Others have come back to live in neighboring homes that were only damaged. A few businesses have reopened, but the large bank building at the corner sits vacant. A makeshift wooden cross marks the spot where a church once sat.

Although the city is generally quiet, the terror of mob murder hangs in the shadows. Barlola, a bright, well-dressed 35-year-old, describes the mood last year as one of "panic." For a time, he considered heading for the mountains.

So did C.J. Boehm, a Dutch missionary who has spent more than 30 years in Indonesia. He works at the crisis center of the diocese of Amboina, which sits next to a Catholic church on a busy street in the Christian section of town. When violence engulfed the city last June, Boehm and 235 frightened parishioners packed their bags and were ready to flee. "There was only one escape route," he said—a narrow road up into the hills. They did not have to use it: In this case, the police and military did their jobs, and the Muslim warriors never came.

With an estimated 5,000 to 8,000 people dead and as many as 500,000 refugees created since January 1999, war-weariness pervades the Moluccas. Both sides speak of reconciliation, but the two communities remain far apart.

Economic stagnation hangs over the city. Haddi Abdullah Soulisa, the 80-year-old head of Ambon's Muslim community, complains: There is "no school, no work, people are hungry in their belly. How do you then do reconciliation?"

Economic development was a casualty of the conflict. Muslim mobs targeted businesses owned by ethnic Chinese. "Most of the traders here were Chinese," says Boehm. "Almost all have left."

Violence is pandemic throughout this polyglot nation. What distinguishes the fighting in the Moluccas is that it grew out of the Muslim-Christian tensions that pervade Indonesia. As military spokesman Graito Usodo, a rear air marshall, explains, "the case in Molucca is far different from those in other parts of the country since it involves religious matters."

The first round of violence grew out of a spat in January 1999 between a bus driver and passenger. Many who lived on the islands quickly lost their taste for killing. Then the fighting took on a larger—and more ominous—religious dimension. Upward of 4,500 fighters of the Laskar Jihad, or "Holy Warrior Troops," flocked to the island.

In January 2000, more than 80,000 Muslims marched in Jakarta to demand a *jihad*, or holy war, against Christians; parliament speaker Amien Rais, originally a member of the governing coalition, appeared at the rally, announcing that "Our patience has limits." The Moluccas become a cause for Muslims; Christians told me that they have identified fighters from Afghanistan, Moro Islands (the Philippines), Saudi Arabia, and Yemen. The Laskar Jihad played a particularly important role.

As a result, religious sites have been targeted for attack, with some 400 churches destroyed. Human casualties include not only dead and wounded, but forced conversions (principally to Islam) and coercive male and female circumcision. Moreover, Jaffar Umar Thalib, head of the Jihad forces, has formally called for the imposition of "Syariat Islam," or Islamic law, at least in areas cleared of Christians.

Religion also split the security forces. Muslim attacks on Christians in the Moluccas coincided with the collapse of the central government's authority. Even after violence erupted in the Moluccas, however, Christians were able to defend themselves. But then the Muslims gained the backing not only of the Laskar Jihad forces, but of many soldiers.

"In most cases, individuals, and in some cases whole units, because they were afraid, or cowards, did nothing," says Boehm. Some simply stood by while Jihad forces arrived. "The military hasn't done anything," complained one Christian leader, who insisted on anonymity, in an interview last year. In his view (and that of several others), the Jihad couldn't have entered the Moluccas without the military's complicity. Other soldiers turned over their weapons to Muslims. Finally, "some were among the attackers," says Boehm.

Although Muslims appeared to be the chief beneficiaries of outside intervention, some police were more inclined to help the Christians. There were even clashes between military and police. Gradually, the security forces seem to be moving back to neutrality. Unfortunately, sporadic fighting continues, and further killing could flare up at any time. Both sides continue to prepare for war. Although the violence has receded, the

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Laskar Jihad is one of the most important stumbling blocks. "They are still around, but how many, where they are, we don't know," says Boehm.

They were likely involved in an attack in late February on the western part of the island of Seram, in which a Christian village was sacked for the third time. "There was hardly anything left to be burned, but they did so," observes Boehm. Naturally, Christians demand the Jihad's removal. "Without Laskar Jihad, we can have reconciliation," argues Agus Wattimena, the head of a local Christian militia.

In contrast, Haddi Soulisa defends the Jihad: They "come to help Muslims," he said, and "not only for war." They bring doctors, help repair burned houses, and more. His response is disingenuous, but it reflects genuine fear within the Muslim community. Even Agus understands the Muslim reluctance to see Jihad forces leave. Still, Agus, a Baptist in a long line of Baptists, sees no reason to trust the other side. "Christians and Muslims are talking about reconciliation. Okay, but the Muslims fight and shoot Christians. Until today, we don't believe they mean it."

There is no Christian equivalent of the Jihad, "no people from outside," says Boehm. Instead, "in matter of war there are Christian militias," which are "only local, organized spontaneously to resist." Their presence is obvious: They have a well-fortified camp on a major road down from a military base.

During the worst of the conflict, Agus, who looks a bit like an aging biker, fought Muslims every day. He claims he acted only when Christians were under attack. "We don't have desire for war with Muslims, but only to protect our area. If Muslims come for war, we will fight." But, he adds, "we don't want to fight again."

His militia relies primarily on homemade weapons, supplemented by purchases when possible. In fact, he solicited funds from his three visitors to help him buy guns: "Only to protect Christians. Not to go to war. We must be ready. We need help, money."

Muslims understandably have a different view of his activities, and there have been Christian as well as Muslim atrocities. But the bulk of the blame falls on the Muslim side. While Boehm doesn't claim all Christians have been in the right, he argues: "Christians haven't done any attacking over the last half-year. Only the Muslims. The Christians say they have had enough."

Unfortunately, explains Pastor Boehm, the communities "are quite divided [among] themselves." Muslim factions have squabbled violently. Some favor reconciliation, and some don't. Thus, it is "hard to make peace with the Muslims, since one agrees, but one says no," says Boehm.

Haddi Soulisa acknowledges the problem, but contends that it is "the same, Christian and Muslim, all the same. Many, many want to make reconciliation. Many groups say no [to] reconciliation because there has been conflict for a long time, with too much damage done."

Few Christians or Muslims credit the central government. Haddi Soulisa is dismissive: Jakarta "does nothing. Nothing," he spits out. The authorities are corrupt and dishonest; there is no rule of law. Agus doesn't believe Jakarta can or will solve the problem. "We need peacekeeping from the U.N. to come to Ambon to promote real reconciliation."

Few had put much hope in former President Wahid Abdurrahman, whose hold on both reality and power grew increasingly tenuous over the past year. "I think we can trust Gus Dur to have good intentions," said Boehm. "But there are those in the military who regret that they lost control of the government." Very common among Christians with whom I've spoken is the belief that a variety of forces are using religious tensions to undermine the central government and promote Islamic rule.

Many Christians want the army to leave the Moluccas; they remember its intervention on behalf of Muslims. They, like Agus, disclaim any desire for revenge. When asked if Christians would go on a rampage without the military present, Father Boehm replied: "I don't know. I don't think so. I think Christians have sincere aspirations to come to peace. But I don't know what the grassroots think after so much suffering."

Despite sporadic outbursts, "the situation has calmed down. Refugees have started to come back," says Boehm. A returning doctor and his wife and toddler shared my flight into Ambon.

Thenny Barlola seemed moved by his time with Haddi Soulisa, who in turn pointed at Barlola during our meeting: "There is reconciliation here." Yet the street barricades stand for a reason: "If a Christian goes into a Muslim neighborhood, he will get beat up," contended Boehm. Most cabs, particularly the plentiful pedicabs, stick to their own section of town. Speedboats are the preferred mode of transportation to avoid hostile sections of town.

Barlola notes that the Christian community was busy last year, signing petitions and mailing letters asking for outside help. Most Christians wanted foreign peacekeepers or, failing that, evacuation. Indeed, my meeting with Christian leaders last July was filled with demands that the international community in general—and the United States in particular—do something, though there was little agreement on *what* it should do. Most, at least, wanted Washington to pressure the central government to discipline military forces that were backing the Muslims.

Jakarta naturally resisted any outside involvement, and Muslims were even less enthusiastic. Haddi Soulisa was polite but blunt when it came to the United States. No, he didn't believe any outside government could help: "The U.S. shouldn't police the world. Give us time for Indonesia to make it by ourselves. Democracy, Indonesian democracy, not by any country imposing it on Indonesia."

But Indonesian democracy may not survive. The current respite in Ambon may only be temporary. "Now we are in round five or maybe round six. We finish one, have reconciliation, then it starts again," observes Barlola. The next bout could come at any time, and there will be more deaths, more destruction, more refugees, more promises from Jakarta, and more hand-wringing from abroad.

"Don't forget us," pleads Agus. "We are a brotherhood. Go back to America, and tell Christians that they must help us here." But any help will be too late for Agus, who was shot and killed shortly after I interviewed him. And there's precious little America can do for anyone else. The U.S. government can't invade; American Christians can't run guns. That leaves relief groups like CFI to try to help clean up the mess.

Doug Bandow is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and former special assistant to President Reagan.

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Letter From Louisiana

by Chris Segura

The Peculiar Institution

A selectively historical motion picture about a 19th-century rebellion aboard a cruel Spanish slave ship rakes in megabucks as a result of media hype, including the notation that white production assistants were forbidden to put the stage-chains on the black actors aboard the replica vessel. No one mentioned that the original chains were first put around black ankles and black wrists by black slave-traders or that the leader of the featured revolt is thought by historians to have entered the slave trade himself after his repatriation to Sierra Leone.

The Bush administration threatens to boycott the U.N.-sponsored World Conference Against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, and Related Intolerance in Durban, South Africa, because of scheduled consideration of reparations for slavery in the United States, and then walks out because of Arab attempts to define Zionism as racism.

The U.S. government faces mounting global criticism for supporting reparations for victims of Nazi genocide against European Jews and apologizing for internment of Japanese-Americans at home while officially ignoring suits for compensation by former "comfort women" forced into sexual slavery by Japanese occupiers of Asia, all during World War II.

Thumbing their political nose at the United States, the Dutch are building a new international war-crimes court at the Hague to try such defendants as Slobodan Milosevic for ethnic atrocities in the former Yugoslavia. The Bush administration is concerned that the 1998 treaty establishing the court could be used to try U.S. soldiers and governmental officials in foreign courts.

The Southern Christian Leadership Conference, founded by Martin Luther King, Jr., at the beginning of the U.S. civil-rights movement, announced in August that it is attempting to end racial profiling and seeking reparations for slavery. In panel discussions, members of the group said that blacks still suffer from the racism of the nation's past and that they would try to fix the nation's lingering inequities.

Closer to home—if you live in southwest Louisiana—Cajun attorney and president of the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana Warren Perrin continues to petition Queen Elizabeth of England to apologize for the 18th-century deportations of Acadians from what are now the Maritime Provinces of Canada. And yes, at breakfast discussions in bayou-country kitchens, the notion of reparations also surfaces like the snout of an alligator poking through coffee-colored water.

The race card is being played everywhere. Practically no one on the face of the earth is invulnerable to accusations of racially motivated thoughts and actions. History was slanted one way for so long that it is actually dangerous to take a balanced look at any unpleasant moment in the past.

Meanwhile, amidst all of this turmoil, the sleepy little town of St. Martinville, Louisiana, sponsors—of all things—a politically incorrect witness to its own cultural heritage. The African-American Museum, which opened on Bayou Teche this summer, dares to suggest that slavery wasn't as bad as we have been led to believe—at least not here.

The concept is certain to be debated. If it is even basically true, however, then it suggests that what Barry Goldwater said in 1964—that racism has to be resolved in the human heart—was already being accomplished in a backwater Louisiana bayou town.

At first glance, one might think that the messenger should watch out for concealed ideological weapons. In fact, the reverse is true. The St. Martinville City Council (two of the five council members are black, the mayor is white) unanimously approved the African-American Museum only after carefully scrutinizing the historical facts and deciding that the message would fly in the local political arena.

Initially, according to Mayor Eric Martin, the council members had said, "Are you crazy? The single most sensitive story in the South?" By ignoring this episode of American history, however, we might overlook important evidence of racial harmony. Interracial marriage, for instance, was not uncommon in some of the Gulf South colonies in the earliest years, though Louisiana law and custom forbade the practice. Biracial couples "jumped the broomstick" (a marriage ceremony of Celtic origin, not African). Evidence refutes the conventional assertion that all of these black/white sexual unions were tantamount to rape.

The Roman Catholic Church kept—and, until recent years, suppressed—baptismal records listing parents of different races, and many blacks in Louisiana have now traced their ancestry back to pre-expulsion Acadia and imperial France. Historically, information at the museum explains, the products of these interracial relationships made up a third class in the local society, a sort of buffer caste between whites and blacks called "Creole."

The word has many definitions. The Oxford English Dictionary lists its origin as French, derivative of the Spanish *criollo*, meaning "native to the locality; believed to be a colonial corruption of *criadillo*, diminutive *criado*, bred, brought up, reared, domestic."

The definition in the OED traces the word's root to the Latin

> *creare*—to create. According to some 18th century writers originally applied by South American Negroes to their own children born in America as distinguished from Negroes freshly imported from Africa.

It is also applied to "Spaniards born in the West Indies," according to the definition. Farther down, the definition reads:

> A person born and naturalized in the country but of European (usually Spanish or French) or of African Negro race: the name having no connotation of color, and its reference to origin being distinguished on the one hand from being born in Europe (or Africa) and on the other hand from aboriginal.

Still farther down, the OED definition states the word "now usually [means] a creole white, a descendant of European settlers, born or naturalized in those colonies or regions, and more or less modified in type by the climate and surroundings." Near the end, the explanation reads, "now chiefly applied to the native whites in the W. Indies, the native French population in Louisiana, Mauritius, etc."

The word's definition is still controversial in Louisiana, but, for the most part, it is used to identify black music and cuisine or people of African derivation who

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speak French. "Creole" is also used to define the dialect of French spoken by blacks as opposed to that employed by Cajuns.

St. Martinville was established as a military garrison named Poste des Atakapas, erected as protection against a now-extinct tribe of native cannibals in 1714, four years before the founding of New Orleans by Jean Baptiste LeMoyne, sieur de Bienville. It was Bienville who brought the first black slaves (two young coach servants) to Louisiana in the early 18th century.

Slaves of absentee landlords first settled the area surrounding St. Martinville. Some of these individuals spent their entire adult lives unsupervised, running vast cattle enterprises and raising families in freedom, with their own land as the ultimate reward. Later, royalist refugees of the French Revolution settled on large sugar plantations; French expatriates fleeing slave rebellions in the Greater Antilles did the same. In 1765, famed guerrilla leader Joseph (Beausoleil) Broussard arrived with his extended family after four years fighting the British in Canada following the beginning of the Acadian expulsions in 1755, four years in jail, and two years tragically wandering the Atlantic in search of a new home. Twenty years later, the main body of Acadian expatriates arrived in New Orleans from France and began drifting into the area. Their descendants are now called "Cajuns."

Everybody brought along black slaves to Louisiana except the Cajuns. It wasn't until about 1820 that those impoverished exiles finally became affluent enough to own other human beings.

The early experience of slavery in the area was regulated by the French *Code Noir*, which differed greatly from bondage regulations in the predominantly English colonies that became the United States. The code was written for the West Indies in 1685 and reissued for Louisiana in 1724. It was designed first to protect a valuable commodity and then to ensure, as museum curator Danielle Fontenette says, that existence as chattel "wasn't supposed to last forever."

The focus of the museum is on the black experience in the Attakapas District on the heel of the Louisiana boot—now all or part of the parishes of Vermilion, St. Martin, West St. Mary, and Cameron. Near the entrance of the museum, information panels note that the captains' logs of French slave ships indicate that slaves were brought topside for fresh meals twice daily. Showers were provided twice a week. Hair was cut every two to three weeks. One panel reads, "some ships even had drums [aboard] to accompany the singing."

Good behavior aboard was rewarded by "watered-down spirits . . . beef and tobacco." These were not pleasure cruises, of course; most of the time was spent below decks in tight racks of berths. Still, another information panel insists, "French ships had a lower mortality rate than British" vessels. Captains were given bonuses for low death rates and "healthy slaves commanded premium prices."

After arrival in Louisiana under the *Code Noir*, every slave was given the right to demand a price for his freedom from his owner and the ability to take the owner to court if he refused, says Fontenette. Information panels carefully note that all slaveowners did not uniformly administer the code. Still, many slaves purchased their freedom or had it purchased for them, Fontenette claims, and the museum documents several of these freedmen.

"So you say, 'If you're a slave, then how are you going to make money to buy your freedom?'" says Fontenette, anticipating the question. "Well, on Sundays you were allowed to earn money . . . either at the market or hiring yourself out to other plantations . . . " There are records, she adds, of people like one woman who, in her 80's, managed to buy her freedom, a tremendous testament to the endurance of the human spirit.

Under the *Code Noir*, there were other avenues to freedom that did not exist in the rest of the states. Anyone who could demonstrate European or indigenous ancestry was automatically emancipated, according to Fontenette.

There is documentation of several "free people of color" living in the area before the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863. In the Attakapas District in 1850, there were 1,127 free blacks plying a variety of trades, from farming to banking. Alexander Lemelle, for instance, bought land in the area in 1814 and served as a captain of the local militia in the Battle of New Orleans. Between 1817 and 1825, he bought more large tracts of land and slaves. Freed blacks also fought for the Confederacy in the War Between the States. Many of them were slaveowners as well. "They were just protecting their own interests," Fontenette says.

Still, "there were lynching of blacks," Dr. Carl Brasseaux of the University of Louisiana at Lafayette points out, in his office where he heads up the university's new Center for Cultural and Eco-Tourism. "But there were also lynchings of whites. It was just a violent period. There were a number of lynchings in this state, [but] in the St. Martinville area they were minuscule compared to north Louisiana."

Northern Louisiana was permanently settled after St. Martinville, predominantly by Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Catholic areas of Louisiana, by comparison, were historically noted for tolerance, especially those parishes of the old Attakapas District. Until the mid-20th century, priests there were drawn from France and Belgium. Even French Catholics of the diocese of Lafayette generally were shocked at the behavior of their brethren from the more fundamentalist Irish Catholic archdiocese of New Orleans (vividly portrayed by John Steinbeck in *Travels With Charlie*), when parochial schools were integrated during the 1960's.

In his book *Acadian to Cajun: Transformation of a People, 1803-1877* (University Press of Mississippi, 1992) Brasseaux writes:

> In the infamous vigilante campaigns of the 1850s, rustlers were rooted out and administered flogging and death as quasi-military and judicial units combed the parishes at night for the reputed criminals—particularly individuals recently acquitted of violent crimes—who, when apprehended, were either banished, flogged, or hanged. Sentences, determined in advance by fifteen-member vigilante judicial councils, were initially administered indiscriminately, and members of each major ethnic group—blacks, Anglo-Americans, French and German immigrants, Creoles and Acadians (even vigilantes' relatives)—tasted the vigilante lash.

After emancipation, the violence continued. As Brasseaux writes:

> Though poor whites and former free persons of color remained frequent targets of vigilante raids, southwestern Louisiana's postbellum vigilantes increasingly began to attack the recently freed local bondsmen. This redirection of

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their activity was the result of forces present before the Civil War and the socioeconomic and political changes wrought by the war [widespread starvation].

As the 1859-60 vigilante campaigns of terror and violence against free people of color in St. Landry Parish and in the Attakapas region indicated, the vigilante-antivigilante struggle had evolved (by the early postbellum period) from a crusade for law and order into a class struggle with strong racial overtones.

Brasseaux concludes that

> African-Americans heavily influenced the development of Cajun music, folklore, cuisine, folk medicine and folk religion. In the postbellum period, however, these cross-cultural contributions were overshadowed by the political ramifications of emancipation for the former servile population.

In other words, race relations got worse, not better, following universal emancipation. But St. Martinville, with its caste-system buffer of Creole blacks, weathered those difficult years better than other areas of the South, according to the museum.

Problems continue along racial lines in St. Martinville today. The members of the city council that approved the museum, descendants of Cajuns and French aristocrats and slaves, have not stood for election for 12 years. The federal government has denied voting rights to the population of a little more than 7,000—about 66 percent of them black—because of a redistricting order. If the current plan is approved, the election may finally be held next spring.

The disparities in the constantly evolving collective consciousness concerning slavery and its aftermath are only the groundwork for the real message of the museum. It is a herald of hope, a cry for cohesiveness. At the very end of the tour, visitors are told of the cooperation between the races that allowed the culture of the bayou country to flourish. The black experience is particularly linked to that of the Cajun community.

"We're not saying that it [the Cajun upheaval and resettlement] was the same as slavery," Fontenette says. "We're just saying that we were both peoples who were taken from their homes by force and have lived together all these centuries."

After the expulsions from Canada, many of the Acadian exiles were forced into indentured servitude in the British colonies of the Atlantic seaboard and on Hispaniola. A common practice was the forced removal of children from French-speaking families and their replacement as servants in English-speaking households.

Even today, many Cajuns feel disenfranchised from the American dream, having had their culture and language attacked as un-American and, until the mid-20th century, disparaged as "primitive" and "immoral" in the media. This negative self-concept, some historians and sociopsychologists suggest, both united and separated Cajuns and bayou-country blacks.

Housed in the same building as the African-American exhibit is the Museum of the Acadian Memorial. (The memorial itself is next door.) The last stop on the tour is an introduction to the Cajun experience. A boardwalk along Bayou Teche joins the two buildings.

The Teche, like all bayous, flows slowly with the tides. It remains much the same as it was when Cajuns and slaves were transported on its soft undulations to the fertile land that still nourishes black as well as white. Occasionally, from the boardwalk, the snout of an alligator can be seen surfacing in the coffee-colored water.

Chris Segura, a journalist, novelist, and short-story writer, writes from his hometown of Abbeville, Louisiana.

LIBERAL ARTS

HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE THE ISRAELIS?

"The Israeli Vice-Minister of Internal Security, Gedeón Ezra, proposes the liquidation of close relatives of Palestinian suicide bombers in order to dissuade them from committing attacks.

"'A would-be suicide bomber should know that his closest relatives could pay for his crimes, and could even be liquidated,' declared the deputy of the Likud party on public television."

—from a report on Radio TV Portugal (August 20, 2001)

Letter From Palermo

by Andrei Navrozov

To Get Something Done

◆

"Before I have my coffee, I want a glass of lemon juice," I say to the barman. He is out of lemons, which apparently can happen even in Sicily. "Oranges?" Out of oranges, but I suppose this, too, can happen. "What can I get then?" He offers me a lemon *granita*, made with crushed ice and sugar, out of his freezer. "Too sweet?" He swears it isn't, setting before me a small champagne glass that exudes the freshest and most definitive flavor of locally grown lemons I have ever experienced. Yet the fact remains that the concoction in question is meant to be a kind of dessert. It is much too sweet to put in your mouth first thing in the morning.

But, killingly sweet though it is, this one is undeniably the best of the genre, two Michelin stars and worth a special detour. So what is there to say, in the circumstances? Anyway, I eat the whole lot in an hypnotic silence, whereupon, mistaking my qualified admiration for unconditional surrender, the righteous barman begins the morning lesson: "I don't make it too sweet. Other people make it too sweet, when they shouldn't. I never do, because I'm careful. You have to be careful with *granita*. Never too sweet. You want to know something? It's all a matter of how much sugar you put in. If you put in too much, it becomes too sweet. But if you don't put in enough, it may be too sour." Humbly, I ask for a big glass of water.

What I sometimes miss, living here, is Aristotelian logic. In the Anglo-American system of cultural values, at least some small portion of the stuff seems to filter through, down to the commonest man, along such admittedly inefficient capillaries as high-school education and white-collar employment, with the result that, when you ask a Manchester banker for a debt-consolidation loan and his bank doesn't give them, he won't offer you chocolate kisses, or a gaily decorated wastepaper basket, instead of the money. Nor, still more obviously, will a Philadelphia baker, sold out of the bread rolls you wanted, ply you with perfectly ripe figs

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from his garden. If it is churlish not to give credit where credit's due, all those gruesome multiple-choice, intelligence-quotient, standard-aptitude riddles the Americans are brought up on, and trained to solve from kindergarten to grave, may well appear in a somewhat less sinister light.

By contrast, in Italy—and Sicily, mind you, is practically in North Africa—categorical ratiocination is like a faint echo of something that has rushed past without leaving a deep trace, all but muffled by the daily intercourse of life, tradition, and custom. Noisy, colorful, and centered on improvisation—rather like a Moroccan souk—Italian thought is based on the principle that so long as you start with an abundance of honest ingredients—good pistachios, sound grammar, local building materials, marital fidelity, ripe aubergines—it cannot possibly matter all that much where exactly you end up, because the result will be pleasing *lo stesso*, anyway. There is never a plan, a project, a concept, a recipe, because that ubiquitous "anyway" is nothing less than the fundamental, collectively upheld law of existence, and stronger than any individual act of intellection. If Italy as a nation has a way, it is anyway.

And, as I say, nowhere more than here in the scorching hot south, where you can easily feel oppressed by the often mindless rhyming doggerel of marzipan sweetmeats and oozing figs that you end up with, time and again, in place of the hard-edged prose of life you may actually have had in mind. Which is all very well, even if you have to mutter to yourself all the while that it is your own nitpicking brain that is actually at fault, that you must change, that you would do well to adapt and to forget, that none of it really matters, because soon enough you observe that the result is pleasing *lo stesso*, whereupon you relax and the whole cycle repeats itself from the beginning. Which is all very well, I repeat, except when you are actually—actually, yes, really and truly, absolutely seriously, cross my heart and hope to die, thank you very much and I don't want any chocolate-covered almonds!—trying to get something done. Like building a house, for example.

Or at least rebuilding one, which is what I'm trying to do at present. Partly cerebral, with a modicum of planning, designing, and reasoning, this task is producing the curious cinematic split-screen effect of persuading me that I'm surrounded by small children while convincing the children—who are being paid perfectly adult, or at least adolescent, sums of money for their participation in the charade—that I'm a child, prone to tantrums, yet easily mollified with sweets or a new rattle. The case on the left of the screen is not hard to make, because people who all talk at once, don't listen to anybody, love every kind of noise so long as it's really loud, never take notes or write anything down, prefer pocket knives to slide rules, cannot remember to switch on their telephones, and are always snacking and talking about their mothers would be regarded as children anywhere except Italy. Thus, if you ask an architect whether or not the antique bath he had stolen to order from an abandoned villa in Catania will fit in the guest bathroom, given that the bath is 170 cm. long, he will tell you how ingeniously the bath was stolen, what perils he had faced, how he intends to recondition it, and what his mother said when he told her he would be storing it in her dining room. The one thing the man will never do is measure the distance between the walls and subtract 170.

Unfortunately, the case on the right is just as compelling. The client who bargained for an ordinary bath is presented instead with a bath to end all baths, rampant on lion's feet and fit for an English marquess. Yet he seems unhappy. All right, so maybe it won't go into the guest bathroom, maybe it can be used in the master bathroom, or as a drinks cabinet, or as an end table. Or maybe it can be cut in a certain way, turned upside down and affixed to the ceiling with Murano chandeliers inside it (there is a really nice pair, as it happens, in an abandoned town house not far from the police station), *sarebbe bellissimo, sai*, but anyhow, why is the client unhappy, whimpering like a baby? It's a beautiful thing, and it will all work out in the end, because no matter how we go about the job, the final result will be pleasing anyway.

Today is the feast day of S. Rosalia, the patron saint of Palermo. I walk with the crowd, 20 or 30 thousand people following the eight-foot-high reliquary of delicately worked solid silver carried through the city, as it has been on this Sunday in July for the last 400 years. Come nightfall, there are fireworks, and octopus-shaped balloons, and stands selling melon slices, nuts, and candy. The crowd grows still more numerous, swelling with village folk, yet the ensuing merriment—without drugs, without drink, without loose women, without Disneyland, without anything, in short, that any adult outside of Italy would regard as fun, because only small children can appreciate pointless noise, and just milling about, and watermelon that smells like the sea—is as decorous as the Royal Enclosure at Ascot on Ladies' Day.

I am the client, and at this juncture I feel that I have to ask myself: Are they not right? Have these people not built enough cathedrals, painted enough frescos, designed enough gardens, carved enough marble, cast enough bronze, chased enough gold and silver, and reconditioned enough stupid baths on lion's feet to know something the client doesn't? Why must he insist on vinegar when they bring him precious wines, and on stones when they give him soft white bread, and on plain lemon juice in place of that historic *granita*? Why doesn't he have enough faith—or perhaps credulity, which is yet another childly commodity they seem to have in such great abundance—in their civilization, founded though it is on what he perceives as afterthought, happenstance, and caprice? "Besides, you are a writer. Is not literature based on these very things? You are also a gambler. Can't you entertain the thought of playing roulette with water taps and door hinges? And is love, for instance, so much a matter of knowing how everything will turn out in the end? Shame on you!"

And so, yet again, the client resolves to be good. The whole thing will get done, somehow, and the ingeniously stolen bath will fit somewhere, I suppose, and the architect won't come down with chicken pox or get the colic, or end up in jail, or get run over by a car while chasing a ball in the middle of the street, and the accounts will reconcile, and a planning permission won't really be necessary after all, and the apartment will be beautiful, and we will all sit down like a bunch of Moroccan street urchins in the cozy kitchen, munching on candied fruit and drinking raisin-sweet wine from Pantelleria, and we will look back and say, dear God, that was a close one, that almost didn't work out, though in the end I guess it has anyway, *lo stesso*. What price Aristotelian logic, then?

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

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Signs of the Times

"All the News Unfit to Print"

The U.N.-sponsored World Conference Against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, and Related Intolerance in Durban, South Africa, turned out to be every bit as odious as its name promised. It furnished an occasion for the talking heads, otherwise-unemployable NGO apparatchiks, and sanctimonious windbags around the globe to do their thing, and—in particular—to agonize over the departure of the American delegation because of a declaration accusing Israel of racism. Not a single mainstream American commentator dared state the obvious: that the United States should never have attended this circus in the first place. Simon Jenkins, however, called this spade a spade in his September 5 column in the *Times* of London:

> So Fidel Castro is the "world's greatest democrat", China is an authority on press freedom and Americans are guilty of the genocide of 800,000 people "for not intervening in Rwanda". Welcome to the United Nations . . . The only question was which lobbyist could shout loudest, to bid for more cash back home by winning a paragraph in a meaningless resolution.

Durban symbolizes the global institutions that have lost all accountability and sense of proportion, writes Jenkins, and its fixation on "racism" was the nadir of the genre. It was planned as the first big outing for the most outrageous legal con in modern history, the demand that "white" states pay "black" people "reparations" for the slave trade:

> This claim is being led by American lawyers whose mouths are so salivating at the "biggest class action in history" . . . This would be absurd were it not now raw politics. The American Democratic Party is committed to reparations at least for black Americans. . . . In Britain, there is growing pressure for organisations to confess to "institutional racism". By forcing such Maoist apologies, lawyers hope to prise open huge claims for compensation, though no one seems clear about who would benefit. It is hard to imagine more fertile soil for racial disharmony. . . . This is nonsense. Yet there is no argument so indefensible as some fool cannot be found to defend it.

The pretense that the ills of black people everywhere are rooted in some "recalled ethnic memory syndrome" of the slave trade, Jenkins concludes, is a perversion of history, geography, anthropology, and economics, and the most patronizing gesture of Western moral superiority.

But instead of staying a thousand miles away from Durban on all these grounds, the U.S. delegation left the proceedings because of yet another declaration in the "Zionism equals racism" series. The United States thus got the worst of both worlds. Being represented—even by a low-level delegation—conferred American legitimacy on an event as idiotic as it was sinister. But being the only country to leave early in disgust over a slight directed at Israel confirmed the suspicions of those commentators who maintain that U.S. Middle East policy is fatally flawed because of America's passionate attachment. Writing in *Al-Ahram Weekly* (August 30), Edward Said explored the effects of media newspeak:

> In Israel's case, which has always had the intention to silence or make Palestinians invisible as it robbed them of their land, this has been in effect a suppression of the truth, or a large part of it, as well as a massive falsification of history . . . And what has made this campaign so effective is a long-standing sense of Western guilt for anti-Semitism. What could be more efficient than to displace that guilt onto another people, the Arabs, and thereby feel not only justified but positively assuaged that something good has been done for a much-maligned and harmed people? To defend Israel at all costs—even though it is in military occupation of Palestinian land, has a powerful military, and has been killing and wounding Palestinians in a ratio of four or five to one—is the goal of propaganda. That, plus going on with what it does, but seeming to be a victim just the same.

Telling the Palestinian side of the story in the United States remains an uphill fight even when the authors are Westerners, says George S. Hishmeh in the *Jordan Times* (September 5). Kathleen Christison, a former analyst with the CIA, spent years seeking a commercial publisher for her recent book, *The Wound of Dispossession: Telling the Palestinian Story*. It was repeatedly turned down because, as one publisher said, the Palestinian perspective was not "the path to commercial success":

> [O]ne major American university press on the East Coast, whose name she asked me to withhold, "came close to publishing it but allowed it to be suppressed by those who object to airing the Palestinian story." The details of this mind-boggling, nine-month review process . . . must come as a shock to free-thinking Americans: "This episode was instructive. After two peer reviewers and, on the basis of their advice, the editor-in-chief recommended publication, a faculty board that oversees the press cautioned that the reviewers might be perceived as 'too pro-Palestinian' and instructed that the book be reviewed by two pro-Israeli readers. These two readers both strongly condemned the book and urged that it not be published."

The irrepressible Benjamin Netanyahu is talking again—and causing trouble, according to a Tel Aviv paper. Arabs have increased reasons for anxiety now that former prime minister Netanyahu is saying publicly that Israel should upgrade its nuclear-weapons capability (which has never been admitted) to include a "second strike" if Iran launches a first strike. Translation: Israel already has nuclear weapons and should let her Muslim neighbors know. Prime Minister Ariel Sharon was outraged by this candor and is threatening the former prime minister with jail.

Palestinian rights are not a top priority for the establishment, but those of illegal aliens are. "As many rights as possible, for as many immigrants as possible, as soon as possible" was the battle cry of

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Mexico's President Vicente Fox when he came to Washington on September 5. His American supporters, ever concerned about the "safety" of illegals as they sneak across the border, do not know—or perhaps do not want it known—that Fox has initiated a "Southern Plan," using mass deportations and a stepped-up military presence in anti-immigrant operations to choke off the flow of Central Americans crossing into Mexico from Guatemala. According to a feature in the Mexican newsmagazine *Proceso* (June 26):

> Over a period of 15 days, starting on June 4, the southern border of Mexico was the stage for a large-scale police action that resulted in more than 6,000 deportations of illegal aliens to Guatemala from Mexico . . . The prelude, known as "orderly and secure repatriation," mobilized over 200 police agents for several weeks. They checked hotels, parks, bars, brothels, and public areas in search of illegal aliens living in border cities . . . The Mexican army was used to cordon off certain areas . . . and buses carrying deportees were moving out on a daily basis . . . Now that the deportees have been moved out, crime has begun to decrease.

Perhaps the United States should follow President Fox's example, rather than his rhetoric. The INS, assisted by the Army and hundreds of police agents (if it cannot do the job alone), should do no more to protect our southern border than its Mexican counterparts do to protect theirs—random checks, roadblocks, etc. When the flow of illegals across the southern border is reduced to one percent of those who try, the problem of illegal immigration will be solved.

In the first week of September, the mainstream press carried agency reports of "wild and extravagant accusations" by the president of Belarus, Alexander Lukashenko, who accused representatives of the Western powers of plotting a "Yugoslav scenario" as his country's presidential campaign drew to a close. But the image of a paranoid dictator unjustly accusing benevolent foreigners of wrongdoing did not fit with an extraordinary report from Moscow in the *Times* of London (September 3):

> The US Embassy in Belarus has admitted that it is pursuing a policy similar to that in 1980s Nicaragua, in which anti-government Contra rebels were funded and supported. President Lukashenko, a dictatorial Communist, is heading for victory in presidential elections on Sunday. In an unusual admission, Michael Kozak, the US Ambassador to Belarus, said in a letter to a British newspaper that America's "objective and to some degree methodology are the same" in Belarus as in Nicaragua, where the US backed the Contras against the left-wing Sandinista Government in a war that claimed at least 30,000 lives.

The ambassador's disclosure, the *Times* continued, has coincided with reports in several European newspapers indicating that former U.S. servicemen believed to be working for the CIA were escorted, with Albanian guerrillas, from the village of Aracinovo in Macedonia last June. Ambassador Kozak apparently has had a career similar to his illustrious colleague William Walker: He served as principal deputy assistant secretary for inter-American affairs under Presidents Reagan and Bush, working in Panama, Nicaragua, and El Salvador, and also served as ambassador to Cuba. While Ambassador Kozak was stationed in Nicaragua, President Reagan famously compared the Contras to the French Resistance fighters. However, the *Times* continues, there is a problem:

> President Lukashenko is popular and most Belarussians fear that a new, pro-Western leader would bring the poverty experienced by many Russians and Ukrainians after the transition to a market economy. A spokesman for the US Embassy in Minsk told The Times that the embassy helped to fund 300 non-governmental organisations (NGOs), including non-state media, but did not fund political parties, since that is banned by law. He admitted that some of the NGOs were linked to those who were "seeking political change".

Three hundred NGOs? And still no change in President Lukashenko's stubborn popularity? Small wonder the BBC's North American broadcasts claimed on September 5 that "his country is home to an authoritarian regime often compared to that of deposed Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic." In Belarus, President Kozak will have to try harder in the years ahead. However, it is a comforting thought that, in Macedonia at least, all will be well now that NATO has entered the country—at least, that is what the media would have us believe. The ugly truth was revealed by *Chronicles*' foreign-affairs editor, Srdja Trifkovic, in an op-ed in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* on August 30:

> On the eve of the war in Kosovo, I wrote in the Times of London that NATO support of ethnic Albanian separatists in Kosovo would unleash a chain reaction whose first victim would be Macedonia, because "once KLA veterans acting as policemen start to patrol Kosovo, the rising expectations of Macedonia's Albanians will be impossible to contain." "Nonsense," a U.S. State Department official snapped at a conference in Washington a few days later. "The problem in Kosovo is Milosevic. In Macedonia the Albanians don't need to make trouble because their rights are respected." The issue was that of "human rights," he said, not nationalism: the notion of Greater Albania was a Serb paranoid invention.

Two-and-a-half years, one bombing, and $100 billion later, we know better. The same pattern of NATO blunders is continuing, but to correct it, we need to recognize that no institutional arrangements short of ethnic partition will assuage Albanian separatism.

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FILM

The Time of Our People

by H.A. Scott Trask

Geronimo: An American Legend
Produced by Walter Hill, Neil Canton, and Columbia Pictures
Directed by Walter Hill
Photography by Lloyd Ahern
Screenplay by John Milius and Larry Gross

If you are a lover of film but have never seen *Geronimo: An American Legend* (1993), you are missing not only one of the best Westerns ever made but a truly great film that deserves more recognition than it has received. The screenplay, casting, directing, cinematography, and score are excellent, and the film skillfully explores a morally complex issue without the melodrama, simplifications, and indignant moralism that we have come to expect from most Hollywood productions. It does this by adopting the device of multiple points of view. (I counted seven.) Two of these points of view—those of Geronimo and the Southern American officer who won his trust and talked him into finally surrendering—had a particular and powerful meaning for me.

The Chiricahua Apache, led by the warrior Goyathlay (Geronimo), was the last Indian tribe to resist the reservation policy imposed upon them by the U.S. government. From roughly 1881 to 1886, they waged a hit-and-run war of attrition with the U.S. Army across the American Southwest. The fighting ranged across desert, canyon, and mountains in the Arizona and New Mexico territories and even portions of northern Mexico. It ended only when Geronimo, reduced to a force of only 20 or so effective warriors, finally surrendered to Gen. Nelson Miles at Skeleton Canyon, Arizona Territory, in September 1886.

Walter Hill's film tells the story of the last years of this war from the point of view of Geronimo (played by Wes Studi), two other Apaches, and the white cavalry officers who were pitted against him. The latter include Gen. George Crook (Gene Hackman), or *Nantan Lupan* as he was known to the Indians, who took command of the Arizona department in 1882. Crook adopted novel and effective tactics against the elusive and refractory Apache, including the use of large numbers of Apache scouts. He also thought that it was good policy to treat the tribes with magnanimity, sympathy, and honesty. Two of his protégés—First Lt. Charles D. Gatewood (Jason Patric) and Second Lt. Britton Davis (Matt Damon)—held similar points of view. Al Seiber (Robert Duvall), the veteran scout and Indian fighter who served with Crook, provides the perspective of a tough frontiersman. Two other Indian points of view are provided by Mangus, an Apache scout serving with the American army, and an Apache chief who argues that peace is the only hope for his people.

The film does not evade the moral issue of who was in the right in the Indian wars. Was it the Indians who resisted white encroachment on their lands, or the Americans who moved west regardless of whether they were invited or welcomed? Contrary to the pretensions of both Hollywood and the universities, the question does not admit of an easy answer. The prevailing assumption in our culture today is that the Indians were justified in waging war in defense of their lands and their way of life. This assumption is based on a superficial understanding of the history of the Indian wars and on a moral argument that, if consistently applied, would make the politically correct mandarins of culture and state recoil. However, in the very act of recoiling, they would be revealing an inconsistency and double standard that proves not only their moral and intellectual bankruptcy but the real passion that motivates them: a deep and abiding hatred of Western Christendom and the European peoples who created and sustained that civilization for almost two millennia.

Those who reflexively defend Indian warfare must also defend the *offensive* character of that warfare, its methods, and the right of other peoples to take up arms in similar situations. Indian warfare, in the broadest sense, was defensive: The Indians fought to defend their *exclusive* possession of the land and their primitive way of life, both of which were threatened by white immigration. But the war waged by the Apache was also offensive: They attacked white pioneers and settlers on their farms, ranches, and homesteads. Their victims were not warriors or conquerors but peaceful settlers seeking land on which to build, farm, and raise a family. Finally, Indian warfare, whether practiced by the eastern tribes in the 17th century or the western tribes in the 19th, was always genocidal: Indian warriors tortured and killed prisoners and massacred women and children. The moral issue is clear: Either the Indians' possession of the land and their right to maintain their way of life (which required that the lands of North America be kept forever in a natural wilderness state) justified offensive and genocidal warfare, or it did not. If it did, then don't Europeans have the right to wage the same kind of warfare against the millions who are seeking homes and jobs in their lands and whose ever-increasing numbers and alien cultures threaten to destroy the Western way of life forever? If it did not, then shouldn't the Indians be denounced for violently resisting the tide of peaceful white settlement? The Christian alternative (the position of Lieutenant Gatewood) was that the right of war in self-defense does not justify genocidal methods.

Hill's film does not ignore this important question of the morality or immorality of Indian resistance, as well as its methods. Geronimo himself has no doubt that he is fighting the good war in the right way. In his eyes, he and his warriors are justified in killing every white person, male or female, and every Mexican who dares to encroach upon Apache land. His reasoning? The Apaches have an exclusive right to their land; they should not have to change their ways to accommodate the whites; and the only way to stop them is to kill them all. In one scene, Geronimo's warriors round up a group of white miners for execution. Geronimo shouts at the doomed prisoners: "This is Apache land! This has *always* been Apache land!" One miner begins to weep and to plead for his life: "It ain't right—we never did anythin' to you." Another pushes him aside con-

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temptuously and tells him to "quit crying; he's gonna kill you anyway." He then defiantly rebukes Geronimo: "We *make* things out of this country. There was *nothin'* here before us, and there would never be *nothin'* if we left it to you!" The Indians at once enfilade the entire group, except for the defiant miner, to whom Geronimo replies: "You are a *fool*! But at least you are brave. Get off Apache land! The next time, I will *kill* you." John Milius has cleverly used this lone miner to summarize the Europeans' argument for their right to dispossess the Indians: The Indians' refusal, or inability, to cultivate and develop the land forfeited any right they once might have had to exclusive possession. In other words, cultivation, cities, and civilization have a higher and better claim to the land than primitive barbarism does, regardless of who got there first.

Two of the Americans actually concede that the Indians have a right to defend their lands with violence, although they do not condone the massacre of their civilian countrymen. One is the veteran scout and Indian fighter Al Seiber, who tells his friend General Crook:

> I've fought 'em a long time, General. And I figure if I was one of 'em, I'd be standin' right next to Geronimo, shootin at the bluecoats. But God made me who I am, and between them or us . . . I figure it's *us*.

Seiber seems to recognize that neither side can claim a monopoly on virtue or justice, but he is still going to stand by his people and fight the Indians for the land. He is loyal to race and kin, a rare virtue among his 21st-century descendants. Of course, Seiber's loyalty does not mean that he will take part in—or even countenance—atrocities just because they are committed by his own people or because the victims happen to be Indian. Seiber is a deeply moral as well as brave man, and he lives by a code of honor. In one scene, Seiber, Mangus, and Lieutenants Gatewood and Davis come across a burning Indian village whose inhabitants, mostly women and children, have been brutally massacred and scalped by white bounty hunters. In disgust, Seiber observes that the perpetrators must have been Texans, "the lowest form of white man there is." Seiber and the others track the murderers to a Mexican village, where they gun them down. Seiber is proved right: They are Texans.

The other character who expresses sympathy for Geronimo's determination to fight to the end is Lt. Charles B. Gatewood. Gatewood is a Virginian who possesses the virtues of the aristocratic South: honor, probity, chivalrous bearing, and "unfailing good manners." The screenplay leaves no doubt that Gatewood's Southern upbringing and history help him develop a relationship of trust, respect, and friendship with Geronimo. Seiber believes that Gatewood lacks sufficient animosity toward the Indians. (Seiber may understand why they are fighting, but he still hates them as the enemy.) He even rebukes Gatewood while on the trail of the hostiles: "You're a real sad case, Lieutenant. You don't love who you're fightin' for, and you don't hate who you're fightin' against!" Gatewood, always the gentleman, replies, "Perhaps I could learn to hate with the proper rigor from you, Al." He later explains to Britton Davis why he cannot hate Geronimo and why, even though they are foes, he still considers him a friend.

> He's a warrior. Every bit born in battle. Fightin' a lost cause. I'm familiar with the type. My two older brothers and my father fought for the Army of Northern Virginia. My oldest brother was killed. My father was wounded, crippled. After the war, he took me aside and said, "You'll carry the new flag." Sent me off to the Academy. First of my family north of the Mason-Dixon line. So like my friend, I know what it's like to hate the bluecoat.

Of course, Gatewood is as angered as Seiber by the sight of an Indian massacre. When he and Lieutenant Davis come across an abandoned stagecoach, they stop for a moment and view the scene from a distance. From Gatewood's tight facial expression, you realize that he knows that the passengers have been murdered by the Apache. After riding up and finding three dead in the coach, a disgusted Davis remarks to Gatewood: "They didn't have to kill them to get their horses." Gatewood, his fury carefully controlled, laconically but bitterly responds, "No, they didn't."

Gatewood is not the only Southerner sympathetically portrayed in the movie. While searching for Geronimo south of the border, Gatewood comes across a Southern expatriate living in a small Mexican village on the edge of the mountains. The expatriate has information on Geronimo's whereabouts, which he is willing to reveal for some gold eagles. He tells Gatewood, whom he recognizes as a fellow Southerner, his story:

> Been down here almost 20 years. Was in the war. Confederate officer. After the hostilities ended, I

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went to Texas, got into a little scrape with the law. Came down here, got a new name, new start, wife, family; but in my heart, I'm still a Tennessee man.

Like the Apache, Southerners are a noble but defeated people who must find a place in the new order. Gatewood chooses to serve the new flag, while refusing to abandon his integrity or culture; the Tennessean chooses exile. The Apaches are forced to make the same choice. In refusing to do so, they end up in exile anyway.

The Geronimo campaign ends with two incidents, one marked by nobility and pathos, the other by betrayal and perfidy. In the first, Gatewood, after months of searching, locates Geronimo and his remaining band of warriors in a mountain redoubt in the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico. There, he persuades the warrior that the war is over and that there is no point in further resistance, for the Apache are too few. Geronimo agrees to surrender, even though it means a minimum of two years of exile in Florida. In the second scene, Gen. Nelson Miles, who succeeds Crook, orders the Chiricahua scouts who had so faithfully served the Army arrested, disarmed, and put on a train to Florida, where they share the fate of their Apache brethren whom they had fought. Lieutenant Davis goes to see General Miles to protest: "Sir, I thought the U.S. Army kept its word. What's going on out there is a disgrace." Miles responds in the spirit of 1865: "Lieutenant, you are more worried about keeping your word to a savage than you are fulfilling your duties to the citizens of this country. We won. That's what matters. It's over, Lieutenant." In other words, might makes right. In the wake of Appomattox, this has become the new American creed, even though it is often dressed up in moralistic garb.

The film ends as a train, a symbol of the new order, transports the Apache to prison in Florida. One of Geronimo's lieutenants denounces Mangus (the Apache scout) for helping the White-Eye. Geronimo responds in a speech full of pathos and resignation:

> There are so few of us left. We should not hate each other. No one knows why the One God let the White-Eye take our land. Why did there have to be so many of them? Why did they have so many guns, so many horses? For many years, the One God made me a warrior. No guns, no bullets, could ever kill me. That was my power. Now my time is over. Now, maybe, the time of our people is over.

As I watched this scene, I had an unsettling premonition: If present demographic trends continue much longer, the European peoples on two continents may wake up one day to find themselves a small remnant in a land that no longer belongs to them. We, too, may find ourselves on a journey of exile. Unless measures are taken soon to stop the influx of non-Western peoples into our lands, the time of *our* people may soon be over.

H.A. Scott Trask is an American historian living in Missouri.

SOCIETY

Hell Is Other People

by Marian Kester Coombs

Robin N— wasn't sure what was wrong. The suburban Milwaukee mother of three had experienced a pang upon turning 35, but these "pangs" seemed to be intensifying as the months passed. Sometimes, they took the form of paralyzing depression; other times, of anxiety verging on panic. She found herself fearful of going out in public or of seeing other people.

The simplest little things seemed to trigger these attacks: being cut off in traffic; someone hugging her bumper and appearing to curse at her; a salesclerk's rudeness; a woman previously friendly who seemed to ignore her at the grocery store; the hostile "vibes" on a crowded street; a TV news story on yet another horrifying violent crime; a lunch date forgotten, with only lukewarm, late apologies; an unreturned phone call; a sneering putdown of stay-at-home mothers on "Rosie."

If several of these events occurred in a single day, Robin would begin to feel out of control: heart pounding, short of breath, flushed and desperate. Her first thought was that menopause had arrived a little early. But her doctor ruled that out on the basis of hormone tests and suggested that Robin start taking one of the new generation of SSRI (Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors) such as Paxil, Luvox, or Zoloft. He explained that she had developed agoraphobia, which was now highly treatable, thanks to these new wonder drugs.

Today, two years later, Robin says, "I'm coping so much better now, it's like a miracle. Stuff just doesn't get to me now like it used to. It's such a relief to be able to function again."

The parents of 15-year-old Scott W— in a small town near Camden, New Jersey, were perplexed and frustrated. Their son seemed to being going "nowhere." All his interests as a younger boy—skateboarding with friends, playing lacrosse, tinkering with building sets, his dog—had trailed away, leaving nothing but heavy-metal music to fill the vacuum. Scott spent all his free time plugged into this world of hyper-loud, angry, negative noise. And that free time was expanded by his frequent suspensions from school. Attempts to talk to him about his plans, friends, self-image, future—all met with hostile silence.

"He just didn't care about anything anymore," recalls his mother, Shelley. "It was like his world had just stopped. He was really out of it, I guess you'd say."

Finally, Scott was beaten up by a fellow student, and when he fought back, in violation of his school's code of conduct, he was suspended for three weeks. In despair, Scott's parents turned to his high-school guidance counselor. She explained that Scott's problem behavior was widespread among the student body and was most likely due to a chemical imbalance in the brain. The counselor referred them to a clinic that could prescribe a medication such as Paxil for his antisocial depression.

After a year and a half of medication, Scott is having fewer problems in school. While he isn't pulling A's and B's, he is much more cooperative in class and forthcoming with his parents. He still has no firm plans for a college major, but his parents can at least discuss things with him. "Scott says he may not go to college right away," laughs his father, Gene, "and naturally I'm a little disappointed. But he'll find himself. He'll try to make it as a rock musician for a while and then come around."

The vignettes above are simulations of typical women's-magazine fare. Barely an issue is published without at least one such heavily "personalized" story replete

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with touching details and "mental-health expert" quotes. As morality tales for the modern epidemic of mental disorders and unhappiness, these articles play an important role in the medicalization of misery, legitimizing a veritable drug war against the population. The old brute-force forms of soma also "work"—heroin numbs the hopeless, marijuana pacifies the agitated, cocaine elates the jaded, amphetamines give an edge to the aimless—but the new forms can tweak and tune much finer nuances of thought and feeling on an almost day-to-day basis.

Within ten years of its introduction by Eli Lilly & Co. in 1987, Prozac had been tried by 28 million people around the world. Together with Wellbutrin, Effexor, Serzone, Luvox, Paxil, Zoloft, Xanax, Ativan, Buspar, and other new designer drugs, sales are now in the tens of billions of dollars annually.

Sales have been further helped by the exploding practice of prescribing these medications to the young—sometimes the *very* young. According to the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry, at least five percent of young children and adolescents are now clinically depressed. "We see 2- and 3-year-olds fairly regularly," says Dr. David G. Fassler, author of *Help Me, I'm Sad*, a book about treating childhood depression. "We also see a lot of 5-, 6-, and 7-year-olds." The adolescent suicide rate has quadrupled in the past 50 years. The psychiatric profession, from a long-held belief that the young do not get depressed, has turned 180 degrees to an almost sinister willingness to start troubled kids on antidepressants *en masse*. Modern parents' refusal to "cope" patiently and compassionately with their children's pubescence is leading to its medicalization as well, to the detriment of the children's psychological and physical development.

U.S. Surgeon General David Satcher claimed not long ago that "22 percent of the population has a diagnosable mental disorder," whether anxiety (14.9 percent), mood swings (7.1 percent) or schizophrenia (1.3 percent)—and that doesn't include depression, "bipolar" disorder, psychoses, other phobias, "borderline" personalities, ADD, ADHD, sociopathy, or psychopathy. The National Mental Health Association claims that 24 percent of women and 15 percent of men will experience mild to severe depression at some point in their lives. With rates of "abnormality" that high, either the term "mentally ill" has no meaning, or there is something terribly wrong with our society—or perhaps both.

Dozens of books tell us how to deal with "negative emotions" or people who make you feel bad about yourself—*Toxic People*, in the words of one such book's title—and never once question why others should constitute a wolfish bane and not a blessed resource.

But reading the endless articles or scanning the countless websites, chat rooms, newsgroups, and threads devoted to this or that phobia or syndrome, you find a complete lack of interest in why all these psychosocial disorders are rife. Why, for instance, should a mature, 35-year-old wife and mother suddenly "get" agoraphobia—fear of going out in public, fear of others—after a lifetime negotiating the terrain of society? The major sentiments expressed by sufferers are either "I'm the victim of a deliberately misunderstood and underappreciated disease, and, goddammit, I'm going to be heard and recognized and get relief!" or "[Drug A] works so much better for me than [Drug B]—I swear by it, and they should take that other crap off the market, but of course they won't because it's so profitable."

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In the economy of human happiness at present, the scarcest commodity of all is what psychologists call "positive social feedback." Reduced to its correlated brain chemical, serotonin, the self-esteem and sense of well-being engendered by positive social feedback can be mimicked by SSRIs such as Prozac and its progeny. Every lonely, unhappy, demoralized soul can finally adapt and cope, blissed out on a customized chemical cocktail. As R.E.M. sings, "It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine."

Psychic engineers are busy constructing the artificial society at the same time computer engineers are constructing artificial intelligence and genetic engineers are constructing clones and even their own genetic code. We rush eagerly to embrace our own replacements despite the warning signs and danger signals. Dehumanization appeals to those for whom the joys of being human have become repugnant—or unattainable.

We live in a decadent time, and what is decadence but autoimmunity on a grand scale, a toxic reaction against what was once good for the organism? Overcrowding, excess of success: When human life seems too abundant, it becomes less precious. Reproducing ourselves hand over fist, we seem the opposite of endangered. Human life cheapens correspondingly. The news and entertainment media wallow in the filthiest, most despicable aspects of human behavior, further exacerbating the situation. And excessive affluence has all but killed off the we're-all-in-this-together feeling that once fortified social relations; the most insignificant rare and dwindling subspecies seem more worthy of preservation than our own overprivileged selves. Susan Sontag infamously stated back in 1967 that "The white race is the cancer of human history"; her sentiment has now mutated into "The human race is the cancer of the planet."

In his 1968 novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* Philip K. Dick made the point that humanoid robots—androids—are not human (or even alive), no matter how they look or act or how prettily they beg for their "lives." As he listens to Nexus-6 android Rachael Rosen, bounty hunter Rick Deckard reflects,

> At this point he could not discern her degree of seriousness. A topic of world-shaking importance, yet dealt with facetiously; an android trait, possibly, he thought. No emotional awareness, no feeling-sense of the actual meaning of what she said. Only the hollow, formal, intellectual definitions of the separate terms.

As Rick prepares to terminate Rachael, this is what he sees:

> Yet, the dark fire waned; the life force oozed out of her, as he had so often witnessed before with other androids. The classic resignation. Mechanical, intellectual acceptance of that which a genuine organism—with two billion years of the pressure to live and evolve hag-riding it—could never have reconciled itself to.

Despite these observations, the bounty hunter is shaken by the seeming humanity of his victims, albeit not enough to spare them in the end.

Dick's point was missed only a few years later in *Blade Runner*, the 1982 film made posthumously from his book: In the film, Rick falls for Rachael and runs away with her. In the book, because he has let her "live" while terminating her more dangerous android "friends," she murders his pet. "If I had killed [her] last night my goat would be alive now. There's where I made the wrong decision," he fumes.

In 2001, we have been treated to Stanley Kubrick's and Steven Spielberg's film *A.I.: Artificial Intelligence*, based on Brian Aldiss's 1969 short story "Super-Toys Last All Summer Long." The problem in the original story is the exact reverse of *Blade Runner*: The population-controlled humans are unable or refuse to respond emotionally to the heartbreakingly realistic child-substitute robot, David. His ersatz mother wonders, "Why not simply go upstairs and scoop David into her arms and talk to him, as a loving mother should to a loving son?"—but makes no move to do so.

Dick's novel was a tough-minded warning against loving inappropriate things for inappropriate reasons, a warning that only life is worthy of human love, and the meaning of Aldiss' story is that blood is thicker than water, more powerful and attractive than mechanical perfection, but Kubrick and Spielberg, of course, have another agenda: to prove they can sucker the audience into loving a robot by pulling out all the visual, musical, dramatic and mock-religious sentimental stops.

At the DreamWorks SKG fansite, one viewer worries,

> I think what disturbed me most of all was how this movie made me feel. For instance, I found myself empathizing way too much with the teddy bear character. I felt badly for him most of all. I can't truly explain why.

He or she shouldn't feel so bad: Spielberg got people to love a mere alien puppet in *E.T.* But the weakness humans have for creatures that look like babies is poignant, not contemptible. Hollywood's cynicism cannot devalue the truly human trait of tenderness.

Also from the fansite comes a typical moral that viewers have taken away from *A.I.*:

> In this movie we learn that human beings though valuable, are not necessarily central to the universe. Sentience is however to be prized no matter what form it exists in (grey matter or wires). Once we get over these prejudices we are more free to recognize that it is not as important who or what carries the "torch" of sentience. What is important is that it must continue. We need to free ourselves from being human centered and consider that perhaps our present form is too fragile to survive the next ice age or the next meteor strike, or when our sun burns out in a few billion years. Of course the double edged issue is that we may not survive ourselves. . . . While it would be sad if our species could not continue, it would be sadder if we did not leave something behind that could.

In other words, it's all right for man (as well as all things traditionally defined as "living") to pass away and for synthetic, inorganic beings to take their place. We dehumanize ourselves and, at the same time, humanize our mechanical creations.

Those characters on TV who weep and gesticulate and beseech—do we "kill" them when we turn off the set? Does the empathy felt by viewers toward the David and Teddy characters mean they must be "real," not just the flickering shadows of actors playing a role? Is that twice-removed pathos as "real" as the

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emotions David is programmed to feel? So goes the *reductio ad absurdum*. The point is that android "emotion" really is reducible to wiring, but that of humans is not. It makes a great difference whether the "programming" is done by God or by His creature, man.

Only the human factor adds "value," and only human life has moral significance. The economic crisis caused by the tendency of the rate of profit to fall once machines replace human labor is akin to the emotional famine caused by the weak, broken, mediated, remote, suspect, compromised, ambivalent, treacherous, abolished relationships in modern society. Just as machines ultimately cannot create "surplus value" (profit), because you only get out of them what you put into them, so material substitutes for love and friendship can never supply the happiness and satisfaction created by social relations. Only people can "add value" to economic activity by their intelligent labor, and only *other* people make life worth living.

All those studies that show that rising socioeconomic status means fewer friendships should finally be cross-referenced with those that demonstrate the psychic costs of social starvation. Modern men and women, in seeking to free themselves from dependence on others, have made a pact with the devil. Mothers have even come to prefer "alienated labor" outside the home to the task of rearing their own children. Now, the devil demands payment.

"There's no need for red-hot pokers," muses Garcin at the end of Sartre's unconvincing little melodrama *No Exit*. "*L'enfer—c'est les Autres!*"—"Hell is—other people!" Too many people now agree with him.

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Maryland.

RELIGION

Gods of Inclusion

by Mark Tooley

Although America remains overwhelmingly Christian in affiliation (if not necessarily in practice), the connoisseurs of multiculturalism like to pretend otherwise—often rather insistently. Public events involving religion must acknowledge Zoroaster and Zeus as much as Moses and Jesus. Multiculturalists find claims about the exclusive truth of any religion, particularly Christianity, especially offensive. They eagerly denounce as a bigot any Christian or Jew who insists on adhering to the First or Second Commandment, even within the confines of his own community.

This attitude, although supposedly sensitive and inclusive, is really insulting to the true believers of any religion. The underlying assumption is that either *all* religions are equally true or *no* religion is really true. Multiculturalists have faith in multiculturalism, but little else. And they jealously practice their own inquisitions to guard the dogmas of their secular faith.

One such inquisition was recently waged against a Methodist minister in Marietta, Georgia. For seven years, the Rev. Randy Mickler's 6,300-member Mt. Bethel United Methodist Church has hosted the baccalaureate service for the graduating seniors of Walton High School. The service, which is a voluntary event for the students, has been Christian.

This year, members of the high school's baccalaureate committee wanted to alter that focus. They requested that Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, and even Wiccans be incorporated into the service and that Christian symbols in the sanctuary, including the cross, be covered and references to Jesus Christ be omitted. A rabbi was also invited to deliver the sermon.

Mickler agreed to the last request, although he insisted that the rabbi speak from a podium instead of the pulpit, which is reserved for Gospel preachers only. As for Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, and Wiccan involvement, Mickler said no. He also firmly rejected disguising the church's Christian identity.

Walton High School officials responded by moving the baccalaureate service to the Cobb County Civic Center, with Mickler's support. But at least one student on the baccalaureate committee—a former student reporter at CNN—saw Mickler's refusal as a nifty media sound bite that neatly captured the supposed parochialism and intolerance of the Bible Belt.

After the Atlanta media were notified, Mickler's church was deluged with inquiries. The Methodist minister's refusal to countenance a polytheistic service in his own sanctuary set off a storm of protests, with special emphasis on the denial of the pulpit to a rabbi. What could this be but antisemitism?

"We are Christians," Mickler responded, "and the only deity we exalt is God personified in Jesus Christ. When it comes to denying who we are, that's where we draw the line." Mickler pointed out that his church regularly loans its parking lot to a nearby Orthodox Jewish synagogue, and that Jewish rabbis have spoken at the church—but not from the pulpit. Previous baccalaureate services had been nondenominational but still Christian, Mickler said. The church had no obligation to host non-Christian worship in its sanctuary.

One of several *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* stories declared that Mickler's "inflexible" and "unyielding" attitude had caused the whole community to "gasp" and had sent Christians and Jews "reeling." The newspaper recalled that the Methodist minister was controversial for his outspoken support of an anti-homosexual-rights resolution approved in Cobb County in 1993 and for opposing a 1994 Supreme Court ruling barring Cobb County from posting the Ten Commandments in a court building.

One of the foremost supporters of homosexual rights in Cobb County during the 1993 controversy was Rabbi Steven Lebow, the same rabbi who had been invited to deliver the Walton High School baccalaureate sermon. The latest brouhaha was portrayed as a rematch. A homosexual publication called Mickler an "agent of hatred and exclusion" and pegged him as the direct heir of his segregationist ancestors. The "overwhelming public repudiation [of Mickler's church] should encourage us all."

Meanwhile, the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* claimed that other Methodist clergy in the area were distancing themselves from Mickler. Some supposedly displayed messages of solidarity with Rabbi Lebow on their church marquees. Mickler countered that he had received hundreds of supportive messages from fellow clergy.

To his congregation, Mickler explained in a Sunday message:

> I want you to understand, that never would I do anything to embarrass you or our non-Christian friends. At no time would I ever want our Jewish friends to feel slighted, hurt or embarrassed. I thank God for our Jewish friends'

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> participation in this church. I would do nothing to cause you to think for a moment that you are not loved or appreciated.

"To my Christian friends," Mickler added, "I remind you of the words of John Wesley. When he sent the Methodist ministers to America he said simply, 'Preach Christ.' Political correctness was not in his vocabulary."

Meanwhile, with the support of the local United Methodist bishop, Mickler met with Rabbi Lebow to discuss their differences. They agreed to meet again for a game of golf. And Mickler sat behind the podium when Lebow gave his baccalaureate address at the civic center. In his speech, Lebow praised Mickler as one of his "heroes of democracy." He added: "Good and decent people can disagree and still respect each other for the passion and strength of their convictions." After the speech, Mickler kissed Lebow on the head.

Mickler's church and Lebow's synagogue will also work together to build a house for Habitat for Humanity. Lebow wrote in an op-ed that:

> As an American, I believe in acknowledging and respecting honest religious differences. Mickler has every right to structure what goes on in his sanctuary and what may be said from his pulpit . . . I firmly believe Mickler is not anti-Semitic.

The furor against Mickler subsided.

However, Walton High School's baccalaureate committee had invited Mickler to deliver the invocation at their civic-center ceremony. Complaints from some parents prompted the committee to decide there would be no invocation. Rabbi Lebow was, in fact, the service's only speaker. His speech, though gracious, was a feel-good, civic booster shot, largely shorn of any theological content that might offend anyone, Baptist or Wiccan.

"I am amazed at the power of the 21st century's other deity, Political Correctness," Mickler concluded in a summation of the controversy. "The question for the church, as I see it, is where does P.C. stop? Do we preach Christ or Political Correctness?"

Mickler's largely liberal-led denomination is hardly known as a bastion of fundamentalism. That a United Methodist minister was targeted by a multiculturalist inquisition because of the standards he applies to his own church building is revealing. In the multiculturalist vision of a "diverse" and "inclusive" America, orthodox monotheism, especially (but not exclusively) Christianity, is not simply eradicated from the public square; it is curbed within the confines of its own religious institutions.

Politically, the Mickler episode shows the authoritarian—if not totalitarian—impulses of the demands for "tolerance." Socially, it is a sad commentary on how fractured America is, that even an overwhelmingly Christian and relatively conservative community is unable to organize common civic events that are not divisive. Spiritually, the episode indicates that Elijah may have been right when he warned that Baal and Jehovah are not compatible.

Mark Tooley is a research associate at the Institute on Religion and Democracy in Washington, D.C.

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In The Dark

by George McCartney

A Voice in the Darkness

I was finishing the original draft of this column early on the morning of September 11 when I received the news. My wife called me from the grammar school where she teaches near our home on Long Island. "Something awful," she said quietly and then told me of the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center towers. I rushed to the television and watched the video footage in cold dismay. Then reports of the assault on the Pentagon came in, followed by the collapse of the towers. I slumped on my sofa. Although my deadline was at hand, I found it impossible to return to my keyboard. Reviewing movies seemed obscenely frivolous at the moment. I spent the rest of the day mesmerized by the television screen as events unfolded.

Most of the early images seemed to be shot at a distance of a quarter-mile or more with minimal or no audio recording. This made the event seem unreal—or, rather, surreal. It looked like something out of a bad disaster movie, something that could not be happening to the lobby in lower Manhattan I had walked through five days earlier, in a building where my nephew's fiancée was training for a new job, on a street less than half a mile from where my son's fiancée works. Later in the day, I learned that my secretary's husband had been scheduled to visit a client's offices in the north tower and that my friend Mike Ushko, a New York City firefighter, had been sent to a staging area at Shea Stadium, waiting to be called in for rescue work. Then I remembered that my cousin Anne Marie worked across the street. I went to the phone, and, after a few hours, I considered myself lucky. None of my family and friends had been reported hurt. The next day, however, my brother, formerly with the New York City Fire Department, called to tell me of the unlucky. Over 20 of his friends from Firehouse 23 had been among the first rescue teams to arrive at the scene; they all perished in the collapse of the south tower. The next call brought the tragedy even closer. My cousin's husband, Edmund McNally, had been at his office on the 97th floor of the south tower. When the first plane hit,

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Screenplay by John Milius
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Re-released by Miramax Films
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he went to a staircase, helping his colleagues attempt to reach ground level. As he did so, he made three calls to his wife on his cell phone, telling her the first two times that he thought their chances were good. On the third, however, he said the smoke had become blindingly thick. He and his companions could hardly breathe, and he was no longer confident of escaping. Then, despite the desperation he must have been feeling, he took time to tell her that he loved her and their three girls. "Wish Erin happy birthday" were his last words. As I write, his daughters are still calling his cell phone, longing to hear his voice once more. There's been no answer yet, but they haven't given up hope. Neither have I. Of course, it may be that Ed will not be heard from again. One thing is certain, however: His voice will never be silenced. He spoke out bravely and lovingly against the darkness. We must do no less.

Like so many others, I didn't know how to react at first. As the hours passed on Tuesday and Wednesday, I continued to sit on my sofa, watching, waiting, but not understanding. At times, my wife tells me, I even nodded off. I didn't realize it then, but I was in shock. I had gone emotionally numb. My wife had the same experience. We had entered that psychological state that defends us from registering enormities that might otherwise unbalance us.

Then, late on September 12, emotion returned. First sorrow, profound and helpless, as I began feebly to grasp what the dying must have experienced in their last moments and dimly felt the pain that would be the lot of the loved ones left behind. Then, the anger came: anger against the perpetrators, of course, but also with myself and all Americans who had refused to see what so clearly had been inevitable. At first, I had called the attack unimaginable. Now, I realize I could not have been more mistaken. This strike against America was all too imaginable for anyone who had stayed sufficiently aware, as the writers elsewhere in this issue have made unmistakably clear. Like so many others, until September 11, I had found it inconvenient to imagine such an event. For this, I feel especially culpable. After all, it is my business to discuss works of the imagination. It seems that, like many Americans, I had preferred to domesticate the imagination of disaster, restricting it to a harmless play of light and shadow on a screen. I had been complicit with our national will to ignorance.

I was also irritated by those of our leaders who insisted on calling the attack an act of cowards. The charge of cowardice may seem politically prudent, but the Islamic terrorists' actions were anything but. That ridiculous word hopelessly blurs the reality of what we now face. As I write, there is only speculation about who is responsible. But whoever it is, one thing is certain: This attack was undertaken by disciplined idealists. Call them ruthless fanatics, merciless zealots, or suicidal true believers; don't call them cowards. These were men who put their cause above their own lives. However misguided, they were martyrs to their faith. If we don't grasp this, we will fatally misunderstand what must be done. I assume that, beyond the rhetoric, the Bush administration understands this. By the time this article appears, we'll no doubt know.

Returning to the review I had been writing, I find that one of the films I had been considering has a ghastly relevance: Francis Ford Coppola's re-release of *Apocalypse Now* as *Apocalypse Now Redux*. The addition of the Latin tag is meant to indicate that he's rethought his 1979 work, adding an additional 49 minutes of footage cut from the original edit. He's tried to give his overheated meditation on America's involvement in Vietnam more context and continuity.

Unfortunately, this restoration hasn't helped much. The film remains largely incoherent and pretentious. Nevertheless, unlike any other filmmaker dealing with Vietnam (and, for that matter, precious few dealing with any other war), he and his tougher-minded scriptwriter,

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John Milius, have forced us to confront some uncomfortable issues concerning our resolve in combat. Watching this film in the aftermath of the attack on New York and Washington should make Americans squirm. Whatever else it fails to do, it refuses to let us off an exceedingly painful moral hook.

As his biblical title indicates, Coppola wanted nothing less than to become a prophet to an America still tormented by its recent defeat in Vietnam. At moments, he succeeds—nowhere more so than in the hideous challenge hurled at us by the film's monstrously clear-eyed Green Beret colonel, Walter Kurtz, played by an appropriately monstrous Marlon Brando. How, Kurtz wants to know, do we conduct a war against true-believing zealots who are willing not only to die for their cause but to commit any atrocity they deem necessary to its success?

Using the narrative structure and literary conceit of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the plot sets military intelligence agent Capt. Benjamin Willard (Martin Sheen) on a mission to find and murder Kurtz for using "unsound methods" in his personal prosecution of the war. As did Kurtz in Conrad's novella, Coppola's Kurtz has stepped off the map of what is deemed acceptable restraint. He has moved into Cambodia and set up his own fortress compound, inhabited by Montagnard tribesmen who worship him as though he were a god. They even offer human sacrifice to him in the form of slain enemies. To the officers in Saigon, he's a destabilizing voice in the wilderness. Having rejected their sound methods—dropping bombs on North Vietnam in 10,000-ton payloads—he must be silenced.

Kurtz has been driven over the edge by America's hypocritical war of half-measures. He is disgusted by his country's inability to face the truth about its enemy. In his eyes, the Viet Cong are brave, determined, and merciless adversaries who cannot be defeated by Americans who lack ideological commitment and heroic honor. When Willard arrives at his compound, Kurtz illustrates his point with a grisly anecdote. Years earlier, he had tried to help some Vietnamese villagers by administering immunizations to their children. Later, he discovered that the Viet Cong had come and systematically hacked the vaccinated arms from each child. Horrified at first, his feelings gave way to admiration. "The genius of that," he muses, almost dreamily. He's convinced the men who did this were moral and loving in peacetime. What fascinates him is their ability to "utilize their primordial instincts" in conflict. "If I had ten divisions like that, our troubles would be soon over," he assures Willard. "Horror has a face," he explains. "You must make a friend of horror. Horror is a moral force." It would be easy to assume such comments are designed to reveal Kurtz's insanity, but I don't think it's that simple. Like Conrad's Kurtz, this man has stepped beyond the comforting hypocrisies we use to convince ourselves that we are decently civilized. Another character who believes Kurtz to be a great (although flawed) man explains (using a paraphrase of Conrad's words) that "His intelligence [is] perfectly clear but his soul [is] mad." With Kurtz, Coppola and Milius have tried to make us face the moral consequences of going to war against an implacable enemy operating outside all moral boundaries.

Whatever the warrior code of honor was supposed to be in past centuries, in our time of guerrilla engagements, mechanized weaponry, and total war, it seems hopelessly nostalgic. If we're going up against a technologically equipped enemy ready and willing to commit any atrocity, including suicide bombings, how do we respond? Can our methods be any less ruthless? More to the point, have they been in the past? Remember the rhetoric about the "smart bombs" we were supposed to have used in the Gulf War? We've since discovered they weren't as smart as advertised. How many innocents did we maim and kill in that campaign? And then we left before the job was done, using compassion as our excuse. As Willard says about our treatment of the Vietnamese: "We would cut them in half with machine guns and then hand them a bandaid. It was a way we had of living with ourselves over there."

I have no idea what will be happening when this issue hits the newsstands, but I do know this: We had best open our eyes and face Kurtz's challenge honestly. We are going to have to find ways to fight a horribly amoral enemy, meeting him with supreme and unflinching determination. Let's pray we can find the will and means to do so with clear minds and sound souls. Even as we descend into the darkness, let's keep listening for Ed's voice, calling us toward the light.

c

Dis-appointments

by Bradley R. Strahan

So why have we been waiting
all this time for "The Mysterious
Stranger," for "The Shadow," for
"the god in the machine"?

Now that our sight fails
we finally can see? Now that we
fail to hear the sentence, the words
we spoke finally reach our ears?

So let us burn our old love letters,
tear up those "promising" poems,
take our tight jeans to Goodwill
and smile blankly at the horizon

where nothing will come over
but a few more suns and stars,
while we wait for the mist
encrusted moon to bring us rain.

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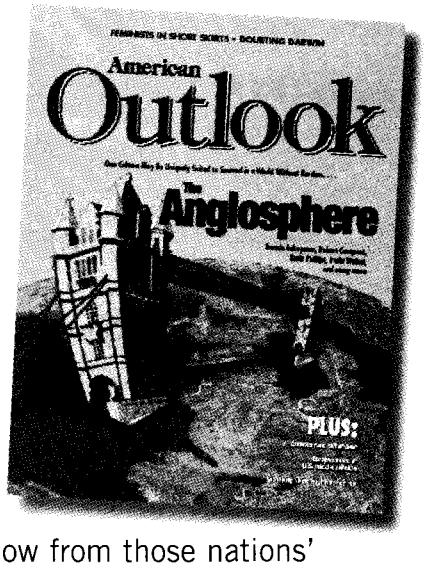

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